The Saturday Review of Literature

VOLUME XXIX No. 8 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1946 FIFTEEN CENTS

Gladys Schmitt, author of "David the King." *(See page 7)*

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By BAUKHAGE

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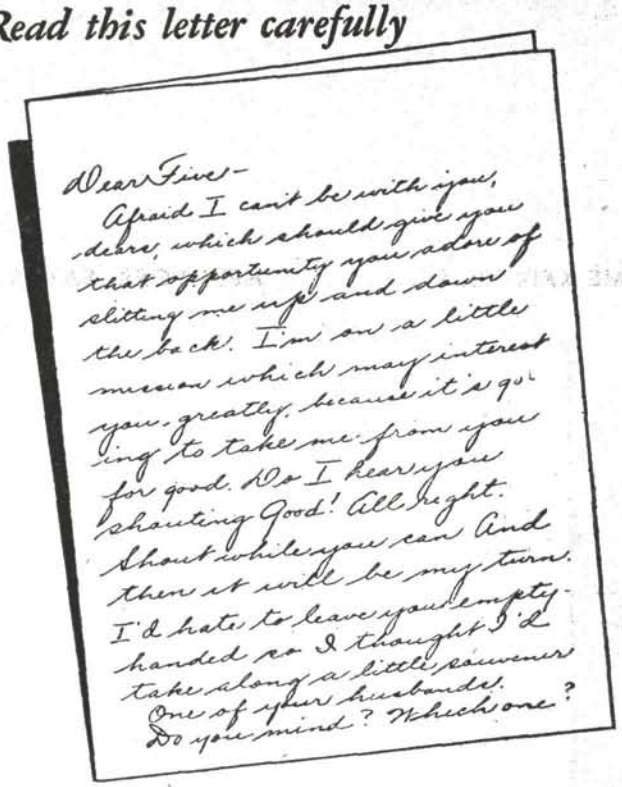
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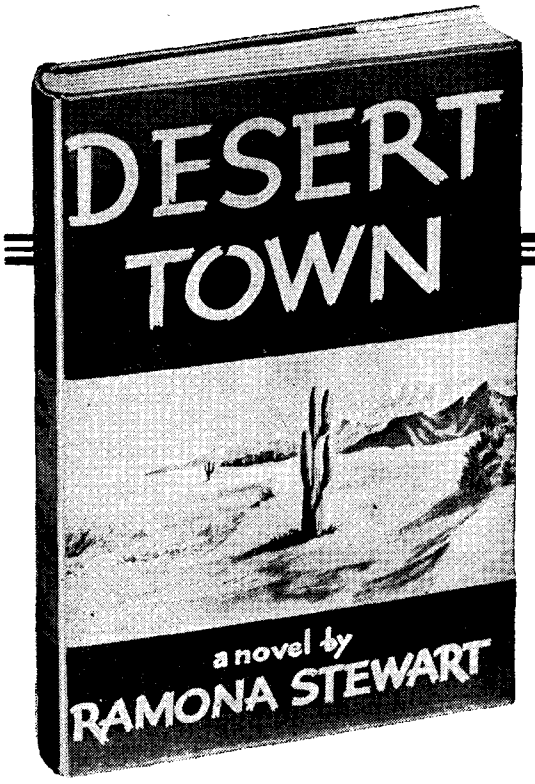

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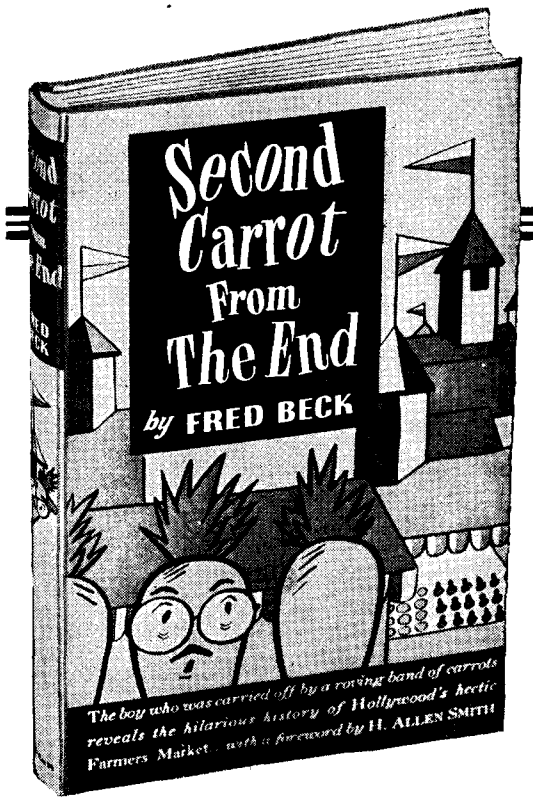
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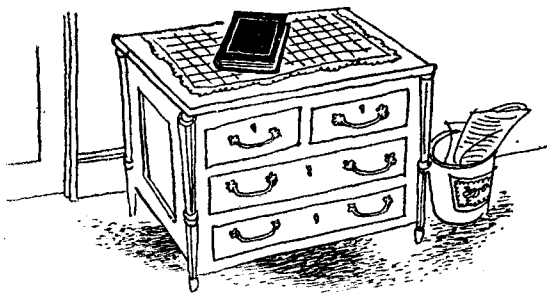

A SHORT TIME AGO we attended the final meeting of the membership of an organization to which we belonged throughout the war—The Council on Books in Wartime. The meeting was called to dissolve the Council, it being the theory of most of the members that the war was over. We ourselves are not as sure of that as we should like to be, and anyhow it is hard to forget Warder Norton's comment on the very slogan that he had coined for the Council: "Books are weapons in the war of ideas." That comment was to the effect that there is never an armistice in the war of ideas . . .

One of the activities of the Council was the preparation of a group of books—paper bound reprints—for the use of the Office of War Information in liberated countries. These volumes were known as Overseas Editions, and were distributed both in English and in translation in many of the countries of Europe as well as the Far East. Taken as a whole, they presented a picture of America which was intended to interpret us to the millions upon millions of people who had had no contact with America since the onset of Fascism or the arrival of the Axis conquerors.

We had always wondered whether those books did any good or not. The question is not fully answered in our minds yet, but at the Council meeting one piece of delightful evidence did come to light in the form of a letter from Mr. Sophocles Theodotos. It seems that the OWI librarian in Athens opened her library with no books on hand except a stock of the Overseas Editions reprints. On the opening day Mr. Theodotos, a citizen of Athens, tottered into the place equipped with an ear trumpet two feet long. Apparently Mr. Theodotos is a Bible scholar. What he was after was a copy of a Gideon Bible, which he wished to compare with other versions. The librarian persuaded him to wait a while longer until the rest of her books arrived, and got him to take an interim look at one of the Overseas books. After wandering around for a time he left, but next day she received from him the following letter:

> "When I at first saw your quarters, I committed the sin to suppose your aim was propaganda—which is not at all necessary among the Greeks, who do not want any such for turning their sympathy towards the Americans. And then I saw all the tremendous work that was done, and how Greek youth of both sexes, and Grown up people, form every day a file for getting Such English written American books they have chosen, even if they speak but a little English, and with what a perseverance they sit and read books in the reading room, and I opened the eyes of my soul and admired the whole idea and blessed the inspiration. Because I understood now that in reading American books the new Greek generation will little by little gain and obtain some of the precious characters that are the privilege of the practical American, and will learn to be serious and educated, and may God allow them to take really profit of what they are reading, for ameliorating themselves and becoming better citizens. I, myself, began to read to-day "The Pocket History of the United States", I borrowed from you, and I confess I have been fascinated from the first pages and am learning much that I did not know. For this, I thank you, and as a reward, I wish you health and strength, that you might continue your tiresome, but charitable and noble and high task that will help my poor and much suffered nation."

Well, it seems to us that Mr. Theodotos has something. He understands that books are the indispensable tools of civilization, and that they have the power to help make a better world out of a worse one. Even though he is an Athenian and too far away for practical purposes, we should like to be able to put him on our mailing list, and send him an advance copy of a book now and then. He is one of the people who make our job neither tiresome nor charitable, but at its best, very noble. And furthermore, the next time we are able to rent a hotel room anywhere, we have an idea that Mr. Theodotos is going to get a slightly used copy of that Gideon Bible that he wants so much—

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What Germany Is Reading

BAUKHAGE
Commentator, American Broadcasting Company

A LITTLE 98-page magazine with a rather sickly green cover, about six inches by nine, with the title *Die Amerikanische Rundschau* appeared on German bookstalls last year. It sold for one mark, which is more or less laughingly translated as a dime in American money. The legend on the flyleaf informed readers that inquiries could be addressed to the editor—"Information Control Division, U. S. Forces European Theater, APO 757, c/o U. S. Army, bei der Amtstelle der Militaerregierung."

This bit of rather highly refined pabulum was first offered to the German reading public to the rather timid tune of twenty thousand copies. Much to the surprise of "the editor," the demands for more were sent in such quantities that the present printing is two hundred thousand copies, and there are no returns.

This was no *succès de scandale*, as you can see by the title of the lead story, which sets the tone of Number I, Volume I. You don't need to know German to understand it—Archibald MacLeish: "Humanismus und Glaube an den Menschen."

This success story is repeated in the history of the other two magazines (*Heute* and *Neue Auslese*) offered by the publishing house which is known to the employees by the somewhat fearful and sometimes awful name of Omgus (Office of the Military Government of the United States). Although the chief duty of Omgus is really the care and feeding of Germans, it is also responsible for quieting another "uneasy sensation" not unlike the one which Webster says is "normally caused by the want of food." I refer to the gargantuan hunger for pure and unpredigested reading matter, something which most Germans haven't seen for nearly a decade.

When one of the Omgi, seated in his literary lair in Bad-Homburg, just out of Frankfurt-am-Main, recounted to me the story of the *Rundschau* and I offered my congratulations, he smiled and assured me that he only mentioned this particular magazine as an example of how even a "highbrow" publication was gobbled up. "If you printed a pamphlet with nothing in it but the Greek alphabet," he said, "the Germans would pay for it and read it." Such is the appetite of this book-hungry nation.

Why not? First the Nazis burned everything they didn't like. And as we know, they liked very little except "Mein Kampf," copies of which if they could all be recovered and repulped would settle the local white paper problem. After the Nazis came the bombers, and most of what the Nazis missed the Allied incendiaries didn't. Then came the Omgi with their denazifying directives which made printer's ink as rare as vintage wine and available only on prescription of Dr. Democracy.

The American policy toward the German publishing business is definite enough if not too dynamic. It was applied first to the newspapers, which is a story by itself. The basis of the policy is to license the Germans to run their own show with a post-censorship only, under American counsellors. Already Germans are publishing all of their own newspapers but one, and gradually various other periodicals are being licensed. Their major problem is coal, white paper, and other raw materials. No additional American-run magazines other than those now being issued will be printed, says Omgus.

The directive under which licenses are issued states that duly qualified Germans may print anything *except* material violating military security, anything constituting Nazi or militarist or racial propaganda, any criticism of announced Military Government policies or of Allied military officials, anything creating division or disrespect for the Allied occupying powers or for the United Nations or likely to incite to riot or resistance.

There is, however, far less pressure on the part of the Germans to produce or procure any *verboten* reading matter than there is to obtain what is obtainable. It doesn't make any difference who prints it or who writes it, from Hammurabi to Gertrude Stein.

But if beggars can't be choosers they can express a choice. There is no scientific data as to exactly what the Germans' reading habits would be if they could remold them nearer to their hearts' desires, but some of the answers to the inquiries of this inquiring reporter, plus the results of a number of scattered surveys, have yielded a few answers, some as interesting as misleading.

IT is natural to assume that escapism would be the chief stimulus to the literary urge of a people most of whom would have escaped long ago, literally as well as figuratively, if it hadn't been for the Gestapo. Undoubtedly any brochure which set forth the information as to how to get across the physical frontiers of what is left of the Third Reich would be an overnight best seller. Indeed, desire for escape from the mundane hardships which surround the vanquished is back of some of the demands. A woman investigator who made a survey of several German cities told me she found a repeated call for information in any form which would make the food ration go farther or the wood burn hotter and longer. Feminine would-be readers are interested in how to make the most of their scant diet, their rapidly disintegrating clothing. The men are reaching for new techniques which

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they can apply in patching a leaky roof, turning rubble to building blocks, or mending twisted bar and shaft and broken armature—anything to make the wheels turn again. All this is reflected in the type of reading matter for which they cry.

From this practical end of the spectrum desiderata range all the way up to the accepted form of escape which (in the same survey mentioned) was revealed in a constant inquiry for modern novels.

Between the two extremes is the yearning to fill the aching vacuum produced in the long years of Nazi censorship. The Germans know that what was really happening in the world outside the dark curtain was painted in the false colors of propaganda. They realize that most of what they were told by Goebbels was lies. How much, they aren't sure. They learned to doubt but not what to doubt. The same attitude prevailed toward what leaked in from Allied sources on the clandestine short wave, in pamphlets from the skies, in planted rumors. Now they want to learn the truth about the outside world of which they hope one day to be a part. If they cannot physically cross strange frontiers as yet, at least they can be sure of what lies (and doesn't lie) beyond. The few old books of travel which they possess, tales of foreign lands, the habits and customs, the daily life of other peoples, are dug up and consumed avidly when they are available.

One member of the ICD (Information Control Division—successor to OWI), a British-bred woman of German extraction who herself was not familiar with the *National Geographic Magazine,* asked me about its content. She said in a survey conducted in Heidelberg and certain other towns that that magazine, which presents so graphically (anthropo- as well as geo-) the way people live around the world, was the most frequently asked for by the English-reading Germans.

NOT merely people and places but institutions, unmentioned or distrusted by the Nazis, intrigue them. In the last few months they have heard more about that thing called democracy than they ever heard before. Many of the ardent younger folk are convinced that whatever democracy is, it is *de rigeur* for anyone who wants to be a social success under the occupation. I talked with one young newspaperman who had been successfully filtered by Omgus, through whose diatomaceous screen those who pass need not leave all hope behind. He was one of the Germans permitted and able to cover the Nuremberg trials for his little newspaper on the Swiss border. He was enthusiastic over the display of these, to him, astoundingly honest legal proceedings — proceedings which he thought little short of a miracle. He had thought a lot about democracy but had never connected it in his mind with a fair trial in court. He had come to the trials, he told me, impatient of the whole procedure, and with the same question on his lips which I have heard so often in America: "Why not shoot the thugs and have it over with?"

ALL GERMANY IS DIVIDED INTO FOUR PARTS!
GERMAN PEOPLE
ZONES of OCCUPATION — NEW RULES of CONDUCT
WHY CRIME AND WAR DO NOT PAY
The FALLACIES of RACE DOCTRINES

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star-Journal

Home Work

He showed me the copy he had written. It was an enthusiastic account of this impact of democratic methods on a Goebbels-bemused mind which had left him curious and not a little bewildered.

"I never joined the Nazi party," he said, and I smiled inwardly because that is the stock remark of every German you meet. But what followed was unique.

> I never talk about that, though [he went on], because it was an accident. I was still the age where they didn't bother us when it came time for my military service, and by the time that would have been over the war had started. But I went to the schools which were already under Nazi influence and what did I learn? Nothing. I couldn't bound Russia. I didn't even know what part of Germany produced minerals and what was the farming country. I had no idea which countries were in North America and which were in South America. I knew the names of all the gauleiters, but Congress and Parliament were just words. How can we in this ignorant generation ever develop any political leadership for Germany?
>
> I want to learn. If you would let me come to America, I would be willing to work at the roughest work and eat only bread and potatoes if I could get a chance to see how you elect representatives and how a democratic government is run.

Meanwhile he couldn't understand why the Military Tribunal didn't publish, to be sold for a few marks, a translation of the complete text of the opening speech of Justice Jackson (a dereliction on the part of Omgus of which I will speak later).

The young newspaperman's attitude represents one segment of the vacuum which is aching to be filled with printer's ink.

Aside from the demand for highbrow material like that offered by the *Rundschau,* there is also a persistent call from the intellectuals for the learned books. Naturally, a scientist who has had to pare down his slide-rule and juggle his logarithms in order to get the right Nazi answer would like to know whether two times two still makes four if you carry it out to the twelfth democratic decimal.

AT the other end of the spectrum we encounter the common or garden variety of escapism, and there naturally hear the loudest if not the most discriminating wail for the modern novels. The lending library was a great popular source of supply for this type of reading matter and gradually, under careful supervision conducted by spot inspections rather than by constant oversight, certain carefully screened persons have been allowed to stock their shelves for sale or loan. But the supply is pitifully scant. I was not surprised that "Forever Amber" was number one on the wanted list. Later I was surprised when I learned that I was surprised on the wrong hypothesis, for I became convinced on further inquiry that it was the cover and not the content of "Forever Amber" which provided the lure. Perhaps I should say the condition of the cover on the copies left by the GI's in barracks and billets. This novel, which reached our soldiers among the books furnished by the Army, became the dogearedest of the lot. And any volume, logically reasoned the German chambermaid who picked up a discarded copy, which had been read that thoroughly must be worth reading. I have another reason for thinking that it was more what might be called this external evidence which influenced the German ladies than the forever ambering of the heroine. A movie of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" which, heaven knows how, turned up in one town was rated ace entertainment. And Tess, while she was no better than she should have been, as I recall her, fell once and let it go at that instead of ambering on forever.

The interest in the number two choice, "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," in this same survey might have been

(*Continued on page* 41)

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Dream-Bewildered Warrior

DAVID THE KING. By Gladys Schmitt. New York: The Dial Press. 1946. 631 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS closely packed, tightly printed volume of 631 narrow-margined pages, which is both a Literary selection and a Religious Book Club choice, seems, at first glance, a remarkable tour de force. But it is far more than a long and brilliant fantasia on the much-interpreted war between Judah and Israel and the mortal conflict between the protagonists. The First and Second Books of Samuel adhere closer to simple narration than most of the Old Testament, yet even here there are puzzling repetitions, awkward gaps, and contradictions in chronology. Miss Schmitt's first task was to clear up the confusion, and fashion a cohered and sharply outlined story. In this she has succeeded with as little effort as though she were telling a story whose disputed incidents were unquestionable and whose details never wavered in her mind. But the story, old and vivid though it is, attains a new glory because of the manner in which it is now retold.

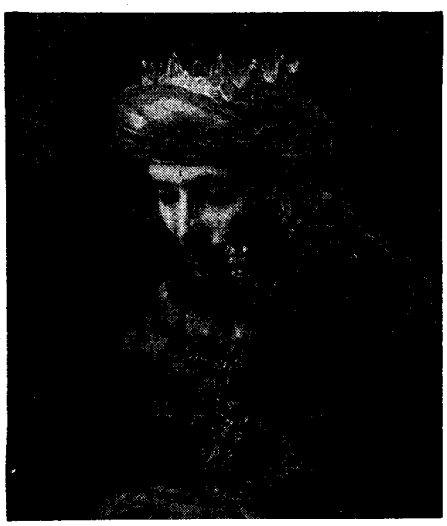
Miss Schmitt's medium is prose, but her manner has all the concentration of music and imagery which is the essence of poetry. Nothing is trivial or facile in these pages; the reconstruction becomes an act of continual creation, fresh and extraordinarily moving. It begins, fittingly, as a simple pastoral lyric:

> All day the sheep had been skittish with mating, but now it was night and the last of the stragglers had been dragged back under the first of the stars. Two fires had been kindled against the lions. One burned near the three shepherds who slept with their cloaks over their faces. The other snapped and smoked near the spring, in the little niche of rock and vine and glimmering water where David, the youngest son of Jesse, spent his nights.

It ends, after a vast panorama of turmoil, on a note of serene sublimity:

> From the first hour when I reached out my hand to touch my mother's breast until now when I take my last leave of my little one, I have sought only after God. For to love, to yearn to lose oneself utterly in any mortal beloved, is to strive darkly, imperfectly, in spite of all the exigencies of the flesh and the world, to become a part of that Everlasting Being from whom we issued forth and unto whom we go at last. All these, the dead and the living, all these and I myself, were divided from the Eternal and the Changeless only for a little while. Behold, the sweet bond of mortal tenderness is loosed, the heaviness of the flesh drops from me, the world falls away, the hills and valleys are lost to me in veils of living light. A moment, only a moment, and I will be merged forever in the Lord with those whom I have loved.

Between these two passages there are countless ingenuities and revaluations. Perhaps the most delightful, and probably the most controversial, speculation is the reversal of the account of David's first exploit. Miss Schmitt pictures a shepherd who could not possibly have slain Goliath but, as is the way with myth-makers and ballad-singers, is magnified into the folk-hero who accumulates not only the legends but the deeds of others. Scene after scene is lit up with an unforgettable combination of subtlety and clarity: David's first meeting with Jonathan, and the al-



David, from the painting by Rembrandt.

most agonized ecstasy of their subsequent relations; the troubled talk between the barren Michal and the unloved Mara in the dusky garden at Gibeah; the triumphal entrance into Schechem and the fiercely divided loyalties of Saul and David; the distraught scene in the tent when Saul, mad with more than jealousy, throws the murderous spear, torn between love and loathing; the pitiful farewell in the fields; the self-searching dialogue with the dead Samuel in the house of mourning; the dramatic moment when David walks into the armed camp of his enemies and looks upon the ravaged face of the sleeping king; the poignant reunion with Michal; the half-willing seduction of the innocent Noi, the little Jezreelite —such scenes are astonishing blends of reappraisal and pure invention.

All this would be entertainment on a high level, but Miss Schmitt lifts it higher by the deep and almost relentless force of her emotion. I know of no recent work so intense, so compact with terror and tenderness, brutality and beauty. Again and again the reader will have to put down the book, shaken by the sheer movement of the narrative and the passion of its narrator. Nothing seems manufactured or smoothly fitted, nothing is contrived for the plot or the situation; on the contrary, everything seems inevitable, evolved from the necessities of a development beyond the author's power to check or to increase.

Yet it is nothing but her power which fills the book with little masterpieces of writing. Long after the narrative is relished in this retelling, the reader will remember the description of David's first playing before Saul; the overtone of the wedding night with Michal, Saul's passionately possessive daughter; David's naked vision of Bathsheba; the old man's last night—half desire, half abnegation—with the comforting Abishag. Nor will he forget the full-length and justifiably paradoxical portraits: the beautiful Jonathan, split between his living love of David and his daily wish for death; Saul destroyed by a madness fed by the mockery of power; Abner the great-hearted captain betrayed by his devotion; David, self-contradictory to the last, the sweet singing shepherd and the sensually persuaded poet, the dream-bewildered lover and the stubborn warrior king, the man, lost between selfless rapture and self-love, who achieves everything except serenity. It is only occasionally—for example, in the entrance to Jerusalem when David dances naked before the crowd and the subsequent scene of Michal's recriminations—that Miss Schmitt fails to compel the reader.

Greatly surpassing such a best-seller as "The Robe" in the color of language and the texture of its style, "David the King" is a worthy successor to such Biblical adaptations as Asch's "The Nazarene" and Mann's Joseph series. In fact, although it may seem casually blasphemous to say so, only a few pages suffer by comparison with the original Author. The eloquence of "David the King" proceeds not so much from a richness in language as from a rarity in spirit. It is not only a sustaining book, but a great experience.

OBIT

By BEN RAY REDMAN

MAN split the atom,
Blew himself to Hell;
God stirred in his sleep,
Said: "All's well."

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She Just Wanted To Dance

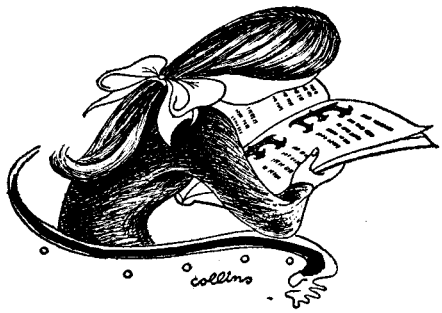
WILDWOOD. By Josephine W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1946. 162 pp. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THIS is a wise and beautiful book, filled with understanding of human motives and poetically evocative in translating the impact of natural surroundings upon perceptive individuals. Essentially it is the story of a shy, lonely girl who longed to be understood, yet remained inarticulate, who ached for affection and approval, yet could not believe herself deserving of either. The case of Edith Pierre is special in that she is an orphan adopted by a narrow, pallid couple determined to bear her as their cross, ready to do their duty as they see it, but unable to see it except through the barriers of their own opaque selfishness and stupidity.

In a larger sense, however, Edith's case is not special at all, but universal, the story of every outsider who yearns to be one of the elect, of every girl who feels herself surrounded by intangible walls, tries with puny wiles to break through them, and then, after every failure, guiltily condemns herself to acceptance of defeat as her just desert. Edith's sense of being clumsy, inept, and rejected has flushed the faces and dampened the hands of countless wall-flowers; her wild, hot misery has been the portion of every girl whose craving for the natural satisfaction of imaginative impulses has been choked by the complacency of bungling adults.

Quietly, with deft restraint, the author traces Edith's life from her arrival at Wildwood where she so obviously disappoints her foster-parents' expectations, through the years of continuous frustration that undermine her faith in herself and leave a sense of unerasable sin in their wake. Each incident is slight in itself, but added together they become heavy with consequence. When Mrs. Pierre says, "Run along now," Edith's heart beats out, "Run along, run along, you bore me, you are not wanted here." Since her foster-parents will not allow her to learn to dance, dancing becomes a symbol of the world from which she is excluded, and when during her first party she ignorantly ventures on the floor, her failure to keep step with her partner makes her suffer the anguish of a pariah. Even the first delicious ecstasy of being kissed, "the ecstasy of the flesh which is pure and almost religious in its birth," gives place at once to crashing agony, self-contempt, and suspicion of the man who would wish to embrace an in-



adequate person like herself. In the end love itself comes to her so deviously that she cannot savor it, and the last act is necessarily tragic.

The tale is short and fragile, but potent with suggestiveness. Almost every page makes one catch one's breath with the rightness of some delicate observation: the twiggy nests of birds seen through bare trees, the damp, tropical odor of heated earth in a green-house, "the round, bright-rimmed eyes, staring and startled, tirelessly alert" of a cuckoo on her nest, the old man who sought out his cronies to recover faith in himself and by reflection in their eyes to keep intact the vision of himself as a man of knowledge and dignity.

For those who value sensitively concentrated studies of human behavior without benefit of hectic plot or dialogue, for those who appreciate a poetic awareness of nature and carefully wrought prose, here is heart-warming gratification.

At the Boiling Point

THE TURQUOISE. By Anya Seton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 378 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THOSE in search of the kind of entertainment provided by the average movie for the average sub-adult audience will find "The Turquoise," by the author of "Dragonwyck," very much to their taste. Its plot continuously bubbles at the boiling point, a lively, gaudy plot which includes just about everything that Hollywood ever heard of: elopements, betrayals, a lost heir, a scheming secretary, blackmail, adultery, fantastic wealth, bankruptcy, sudden death, a murder trial, and a last-minute repentance. Moreover Miss Seton's narrative skill and competent treatment of her varied backgrounds make the action swift and picturesque, however unconvincing, and produce a rattling story, even though it is a story whose obvious medium is technicolor rather than print.

The tale, which begins in 1850 and ends in the last quarter of the century, moves from New Mexico over the Santa Fe trail to New York and Newport. Its protagonist, who early gives promise of becoming a mystic with a gift of second sight, soon develops instead into a scheming little minx with a quite different gift for evoking sensual passion in men, reciprocating it, and thereby gaining her own materialistic ends. On her glamorous, foreveramberish road to success she deliberately makes use of a gay, Irish adventurer who lives by fraud and a low-born millionaire who possesses her own special itch for wealth and power. Her rise from filthy rags to velvets, sables, and a secure position in the most conspicuous circles of New York society occupies most of the volume, but near its end (too late to lose the reader's interest) the sinner turns saint. Most of the audience will find the heroine's "voices" and belated remorse much more revolting than her wickedness. As for the spiritual associations of her turquoise amulet, the less said the better.

Many minor characters decorate the plot, a Scotch laird and his wrongly accused son, a high-born Spanish lady, Mexican peons, noble Indians, singing waiter-girls in a Bowery saloon, a self-sacrificing doctor, a scornful English governess, eminent wolves of Wall Street and their elegant women, as well as Ward McAllister and Mrs. Astor in person. Houses, balls, costumes, and food are all described with punctilious accuracy: gas-lights hiss; horses clatter; women wear bustles on dresses of moiré and plush; Haut Brion '65 washes down filet of beef with truffles; and well-known people of the day—Jay Gould, Jim Fisk, Susan B. Anthony, etc.—form an integral part of the period furnishings.

Unfortunately the author's inventiveness in matters of plot and detail is unaccompanied by any comparable talent for valid motivation, three-dimensional portraiture, or subtlety in the interpretation of character or ideas. Even more unfortunately from the point of view of sound literary standards, "The Turquoise," because of its exciting action, exotic backgrounds, and puppets animated by worldly or sexual desires, may conceivably enjoy a considerable popular success.

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Saintsbury on French Letters

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ITS MASTERS. By George Saintsbury. Edited by Huntington Cairns. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 356 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

HAVING lived for some twenty-odd years with a long shelf of Saintsbury within easy and frequent reach, and now living on the Atlantic coast while that same long shelf is in storage on the Pacific coast, I find myself welcoming the present volume with eager warmth, for the sake of the mere name it bears. Whether or not the contents justify such eagerness, whether or not this collection of articles from the eleventh edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" shows the old master at his best, are other questions which may wait momentarily for a reply. But there is no question as to the position of George Saintsbury in the house of English criticism: he is one of the giants, and the mansion he inhabits is one of the most spacious in the entire structure. There are little men who will argue that he is no true scholar; there are moles, who have never seen the light—never even dreamed of there being such a thing as light—who will assure you that he is not at home in their loved darkness; and there are jugglers who practise literary criticism as a private and mystifying game, who can only sneer at his simplicity; but when the arguments and assurances and sneers are finished, and all the petty proofs assayed, the little men are still little, the moles are still moles, the jugglers are still tricksters, and George Saintsbury (1845-1933) is still great in the field of his choice. For him the business of criticism was to estimate values, communicate knowledge, stimulate curiosity, inform judgment, and arouse enthusiasm; and it was this business that he practised long and triumphantly.

The present collection, plucked by Mr. Cairns from the "Britannica," consists of eleven papers devoted to individual French authors—Joinville, Rabelais, Montaigne, Corneille, Mme. de Sévigné, Racine, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Balzac, Gautier—and a long (167 pages) survey of "French Literature from the Beginnings to 1900." Because of the nature of its composition, the proportions of the whole are somewhat odd, with Gautier and Mme. de Sévigné, and perhaps Joinville, occupying far more space proportionately than they would in any well-organized history. But this fault, be it remembered, is editorial, not auctorial. Saintsbury himself had a remarkably sure sense of proportion, and the volumes which came from his own hands exhibit it.

Symmetry aside, the composite displays its author's familiar virtues and characteristics. His ability to organize masses of material, his powers of just generalization, his gift of compressed expression, his knack of scoring in passing, his happy use of anecdote even when pressed for space, the uncompromising vigor of his style—fit medium for the uncompromising vigor of his opinions—and the unflagging common sense which he brings to all disputed questions: all these are present, and all these add up to the whole that is Saintsbury.

His gift of brevity shows itself in such conclusions as this: "It was impossible that Voltaire and Frederick should get on together for long. Voltaire was not humble enough to be a mere butt, as many of Frederick's led poets were; he was not enough of a gentleman to hold his own place with dignity and discretion. . . ." And in such comments as this: "He was lionized in London to his heart's content and discontent, for it may be truly said of Rousseau that he was equally indignant at neglect and intolerant of attention." His passing darts may be represented by the one he looses against Etienne de la Boétie's "Contr'un," when he refers to it as "one of the most over-estimated books in literature." And his generalizing power may be exemplified by these sentences on the "Roman de la Rose."

> It has the one characteristic which has at all times secured the popularity of great works of literature. It holds the mirror up firmly and fully to its age. As we find in Rabelais the characteristics of the Renaissance, in Montaigne those of the sceptical reaction from Renaissance and reform alike, in Molière the society of France after Richelieu had tamed and levelled it, in Voltaire and Rousseau respectively the two aspects of the great revolt,—so there are to be found in the "Roman de la Rose" the characteristics of the later Middle Age, its gallantry, its mysticism, its economical and social troubles and problems, its scholastic methods of thought, its naive acceptance as science of everything that is written, and at the same time its shrewd and indiscriminate criticism of much that the age of criticism has accepted without doubt or question.

His common sense asserts itself when he cuts through the discussions regarding Balzac's famous title, by declaring: "Much pains have been spent upon this title and Balzac's intentions in selecting it. But the 'Human Comedy' as a description for mere studies of life such as his will explain itself at once or else can never be explained." While his gift of summarizing, of dealing with a large subject within a small space, is fitly shown in this passage on Rabelais:

> With an immense erudition representing almost the whole of the knowledge of his time, with an untiring faculty of invention, with the judgment of a philosopher, and the common sense of a man of the world, with an observation that let no characteristic of the time pass unobserved, and with a tenfold portion of the special Gallic gift of good-humoured satire, Rabelais united a height of speculation and depth of insight and a vein of poetical imagination rarely found in any writer, but altogether portentous when taken in conjunction with his other characteristics. His great work has been taken for an exercise in transcendental philosophy, for a concealed theological polemic, for an allegorical history of this and that personage of his time, for a merely literary utterance, for an attempt to tickle the popular ear and taste. It is all of these, and it is none—all of them in parts, none of them in deliberate and exclusive intention. It may perhaps be called the exposition and commentary of all the thoughts, feelings, aspirations and knowledge of a particular time and nation put forth in attractive literary form by a man who for once combined the practical and the literary spirit, the power of knowledge and the power of expression. The work of Rabelais is the mirror of the sixteenth century in France, reflecting at once its comeliness and its uncomeliness, its high aspirations, its voluptuous tastes, its political and religious dissensions, its keen criticism, its eager appetite and hasty digestion of learning, its gleams of poetry and its ferocity of manners.

From the above it may have been gathered that these articles are first-

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rate products of their kind. It would be foolish, of course, to pretend that they are faultless, for Saintsbury had his rooted prejudices—or shall we say opinions?—and he found it difficult, for example, to be just to Racine the poet while having little use for Racine the man; but the important point is that he was just. If it was a fault to subscribe to the current morality of his day and age, then he may be judged to have been at fault in his anxiety to prove that certain of his subjects were neither immoral nor irreligious, and further at fault in pinning such words as "ugliness" and "nastiness" on such authors as Huysmans. On the other hand, it may be found that Saintsbury's moral judgments (which often were esthetic at core) were not merely fashionable, and that they may well survive the passing stigma of being unfashionable.

It would be foolish, also, to pretend that these papers are anything but what they are: articles written for an encyclopaedia, and therefore written under strictly limiting circumstances and according to certain rules. Saintsbury, who was a rugged individualist long before the phrase was coined, took all possible liberties, and, so far as matters of opinion went, he cut his cloth with perfect freedom. But the rules demanded that many names be at least mentioned, even though little or no explanation could be attached to many of them, and that many vital dates be listed. So with mere names and dates much space is filled, and there are synoptic passages that can mean nothing to a person unfamiliar with the subject surveyed.

Indeed, it may be fairly said that the more a reader knows of French literature, the more profitable he will find these articles. But this is merely a specific example of a general rule, for, contrary to common opinion, outlines are more useful to the informed than to the uninformed. Almost never truly serviceable as introductions, they are often valuable as summations. Thomas Arnold put his finger on the truth when, apologizing for the length of the second volume of his "Rome," he wrote:

> But I am convinced by a tolerably large experience, that most readers find it almost impossible to impress on their memory a mere abridgment of history; the number of names and events crowded into a small space is overwhelming to them, and the absence of details in the narrative makes it impossible to communicate to it much of interest; neither characters nor events can be developed with that particularity which is the best help to the memory, because it attracts and engages us, and impresses images on the mind as well as facts.

What is true of history in general is true of literary history in particular, and it may be said that the ability to use an outline well is almost always the reward of previous study.

In his capacity of editor, Mr. Cairns has provided an introduction and furnished the volume with a bibliography to supplement Saintsbury's own brief but suggestive book lists. It would have been helpful if Mr. Cairns had made his list a critical one and indicated the varying worth and utility of the included titles. He might also have pointed out that, since the date at which Saintsbury wrote his survey, there has been much additional light thrown on the origins and nature of the *chansons de geste,* and that Saintsbury himself was aware of this illumination during his later years. Finally, descending to the most trivial of editorial tasks, Mr. Cairns might have corrected silently the discrepancy between the two sets of vital dates given for Joinville.

Readers who first meet George Saintsbury in this volume will have reason to be grateful to Mr. Cairns. But they will grow ever more grateful if they go on to know the leviathan of English criticism at his best, —in the pages of his many books on English literature, in the "History of Criticism," the "History of English Prose Rhythm," the "History of the French Novel," and all the other volumes of a mighty shelf.

Man Bites Word

THE ART OF PLAIN TALK. By Rudolf Flesch. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 210 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by AARON SUSSMAN

THIS is a book about the most important subject in the world at the moment—communication. It tells how one man can speak to another and make sure he's understood. You think that's easy? Well, here's a sample of some typical government jargon. Try it on for sense: "Unless you don't disapprove of saying no, you won't refuse."

Not clear? But the words are simple enough; what's wrong? Rudolf Flesch says it's that word *unless,* "the most difficult word in the English language." He gives hundreds of other gobbledygook examples, exposing their nakedness like the little boy in Andersen's fairy tale.

The world's in a mess, says Flesch, because people no longer understand each other. They talk funny, or fancy. They ask for assistance, when help is what they really want. They no longer say yes or no, but answer questions in the affirmative or in the negative. They've gunked up the language and use it as a foil instead of a tool. Plain talk has become the lost art.

Rudolf Flesch has done a book about all this that tells how to talk plain, and it's written in good plain talk. If I had to recommend one golden book on writing, for beginners as well as for those who ought to know better, this would be the one. There are only 210 pages, including an index, but they're well peppered with wit and salted down with good sense. This man knows how to write, and he knows how to teach. His influence on the American press is already great. "The Art of Plain Talk" will extend that influence to the school, the home, the office, the pulpit, the street, and, let's hope, the government.

Rudolf Flesch came to America from Vienna; he had been practising law there. At Columbia University he studied for his doctorate, listening and reading intently. About two years ago he finally submitted his thesis, a book on writing: "Marks of Readable Style." What it offered was a statistical formula for measuring readability, and an explanation of how this yardstick is used. Being a college thesis it wasn't, the author admits, too readable. But that didn't stop its sale; it's now out of print. Though writers, editors, and business men used it and talked about it enthusiastically, the toughness of the text bothered the author. He started to rewrite it in simple language. The result, somewhat to his surprise, was an entirely different book: "The Art of Plain Talk." The yardstick formula is still there, but the rest of it is all new, and a delight to read.

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The point of Flesch's book is that people enjoy reading, and read easily what they can understand. If they find it unclear, they may not read it at all. Since most Americans over twenty-five have had the equivalent of eight and one-half years' schooling, the kind of writing that can be read without trouble by a high school freshman is rated standard. If it can be read by a fifth grader, it's very easy; if it requires a college graduate, it's rated very difficult.

What makes writing hard or easy? Three things: sentence length; the number of affixes (words with prefixes, suffixes, etc.); the references to people. A safe rule for easy writing: talk about people in short sentences with many root words, and use lots of live verbs.

To measure readability keep the following figures in mind. A standard sentence is about seventeen words long; if it has eight words or less it's easy to read; twenty-nine words or more makes it very tough going. If you spray thirty-seven affixes through one hundred words, that's normal; holding them down to twenty-two or less rates it very easy (as in your King James Bible); fifty-four or more make it very difficult. If you use six references to people in each one hundred words, that's about normal; nineteen such references make your writing very easy; two or less, very difficult.

But, of course, these are only conclusions based on scientific evidence. You'll find the yardstick formula and all the tables in the appendix. The best parts of the book, however, are the discussions that lead you to these rules and conclusions.

As you travel through the book you learn many odd things about language — about full words, empty words, live words, crowded words. That Chinese, having polished itself smooth over the centuries, is the ideal language of the future. That English has much to learn from the streamlined picture simplicity of Chinese word order. That *man bites dog* is the perfect sentence. That Basic English is neither basic nor English, but clumsy, vague, and difficult. That plain talk is the language of the people; and where the people disagree with grammarians, the people are right and the grammarians wrong. That there's about as little sense in using phony words like *belles lettres* and *non-fiction* as there is in calling pie with ice cream *pie à la mode*. That splitting the infinitive may give life to a dead sentence, while putting a preposition at the end of a sentence may save it from a fate worse than jargon. In short, if you have any old fogey notions about words and language, this book is guaranteed to shake them out of your hair.

I was searching through my library for some samples of hard and easy prose for testing (Plato and Emerson tested *easy*) when I came across two sentences that sum up perfectly what "The Art of Plain Talk" is about:

> When I don't want to understand I listen to music. When I read literature I insist on understanding.

> If James is read with sufficient slowness and care, and if he is reread often enough, he will always at last reveal himself.

The first is from "The Creative Life," by Ludwig Lewisohn; the second is from Clifton Fadiman's notes to "The Short Stories of Henry James." Both points of view will find their defenders-to-the-death. You pays your dough and takes your choice. But if you want to reach people, you'll have to talk *their* language —and for that Flesch is your man, not James.

One thing more. Some people may assume that the *SRL* and its reviewer have an axe to grind in recommending "The Art of Plain Talk." Frankly, no. For on pages 67 and 75 Mr. Flesch has taken a poke at some samples of prose from this very magazine. We don't hold it against him.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ANTECEDENTS OF "THEY"

Each of the poetic quotations below contains the word "they." Do you remember in each case to what the word refers? Allowing 6 points for each correct answer, a score of 54 is par, 66 is very good, 78 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 31.

1. At once they rushed together, as two eagles on one prey come rushing down together from the clouds.
2. They fought the dogs and killed the cats and bit the babies in the cradles.
3. But why from smiling they refrain I think I clearly can explain: they none of them could show much teeth.
4. They wept like anything to see such quantities of sand.
5. They stamped about and tramped about that mud till all the troupe made noises, as they ramped about, like school-boys eating soup.
6. They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose, nor spake nor moved their eyes.
7. Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go where wild Atlama murmurs to their woe.
8. Along the cool sequestered vale of life they kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
9. Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod; they have left unstained what there they found—freedom to worship God.
10. And they are gone! ay, ages long ago these lovers fled away into the storm.
11. They dined on mince and slices of quince which they ate with a runcible spoon.
12. They travelled by night and they slept by day, for their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.
13. They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead, but they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed.
14. And in at the windows, and in at the door, and through the walls by thousands they pour, and down from the ceiling and up through the floor, from the right and the left, from behind and before.
15. So these were wed and merrily rang the bells, merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
16. Continuous as the stars that shine and twinkle on the milky way, they stretched in never-ending line along the margin of a bay.

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G. I. Joe Into John Doe

HOW TO BE A CIVILIAN. By Morton Thompson. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 220 pp. $2.
THE ZEBRA DERBY. By Max Shulman. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 191 pp. $2.

Reviewed by MAURICE BASSECHES

MORTON THOMPSON and Max Shulman are writers whose business it is to be bright and witty. Having completed varying stretches in the Army themselves, they devote their new books to the experiences and problems of discharged GI's. They achieve highly mixed results.

Now in his late thirties, Mr. Thompson wrote a newspaper column and the H. Allen Smith-ish "Joe, the Wounded Tennis Player" before spending thirteen months in seven Army camps. In "How To Be a Civilian" he turns his flip journalistic technique to advising other veterans on readjustment questions. It wasn't a very good idea.

Probably — and deservedly — Mr. Thompson's phony tough guy style will drive away many ex-soldier readers, for most of his pages are addressed to a slanderously fictional dumb cluck and GI goon. Revealingly, one section is labeled "For Morons." Anyone above that mental level will be either insulted or nauseated by supposedly humorous hints on how to get into a pay toilet and how to ask for butter at the dinner table. Even in the service papers this kind of stuff stopped being funny a year ago.

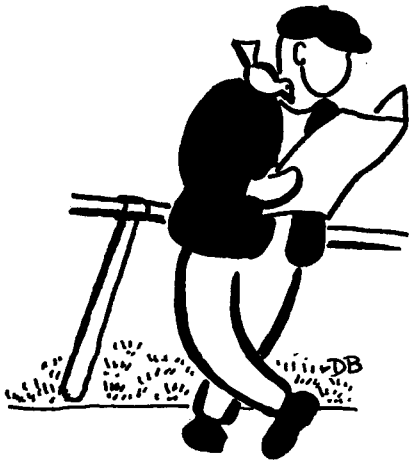
It is too bad that Mr. Thompson writes so far off the beam for veterans, because parts of "How To Be a Civilian" are good and helpful. While much in the book is as theatrical and thoughtless as its dedication, "To the Unknown Baby/ Who Will Become the Man/ Who Will Become the Un-Known Soldier/ of World War III," some of its chapters—on clothing, jobs, and psychiatry—should prove very useful to men who might plunge headlong into civilian life.

Mr. Thompson is best when he writes straight about things like dyeing a khaki uniform dark blue, taking advantage of the GI Bill of Rights, and using the resources of psychiatry. He is very sound in recommending attitudes toward ex-officers, civilian co-workers, and trade unions. If "How to Be a Civilian" were limited to these pedestrian topics, it would be a frank and admirable book.

However, the author also cooks up more sensational subjects on which he is less effective. For example, his remarks on readjusting to girls are long-winded and labored, on doctors they are of doubtful value, and on chaplains they are in very poor taste. Chapters on "How to Get in Bed with Your Wife" and "How to Talk Civilian" are either vague and useless or just so much hogwash.

Unfortunately, writing to titillate and writing to orientate require somewhat different approaches. They don't go very well together.

Ten years younger than Morton Thompson and a veteran of much longer military service, Max Shulman is not so greatly encumbered by a serious purpose in his new book, "The Zebra Derby." Yet as readers of his earlier "Barefoot Boy with Cheek," on college life, and "The Feather Merchants," on the wartime homefront, will recall, his intentions



are as often soberly satiric as wantonly wacky. Mr. Shulman continues the two threads in "The Zebra Derby," which relates the post-Army adventures of Asa Hearthrug, the hero of "Barefoot Boy." Although his shortcomings in treating the veteran's world are not so painful as Mr. Thompson's, Mr. Shulman also is not uniformly successful in his latest work.

For that matter, "The Zebra Derby," too, is strongest when it sticks to the heart of its post-war theme and weakest when it strays from it. Thus the book starts and finishes very amusingly but sags in the middle. At the beginning it hits off well the civilians who stubbornly refuse to let a veteran talk about his war experiences and the businessmen who glowingly depict our peacetime economy. Near the end it catches deftly the ex-GI's at a vets' center discovering the complicated job-retrieving clauses of the Selective Service Act and at the same time describing what pre-Army bosses can do with their old jobs. In this part also appear the volume's most telling caricatures: the veterans' advisers Asa Hearthrug meets at the University of Minnesota when he returns under the GI Bill of Rights —Mr. Ivycovered, who thinks all vets are brutalized killers, and Miss Berisha-Faertz, who sees them as complex rehabilitation cases. All of these are choice samples of side-splitting Shulman.

Between such high spots, though, the author wanders unwisely from a solidly post-war path. It may be that he didn't have enough top-drawer fresh material to fill "The Zebra Derby." This may explain the lengthy and dreary interludes in which Asa resists the advances of a sex-starved former war worker, Nebbice Upcharles, and succumbs to the half-baked business proposals of her brother, Alaric. These episodes could happen at any time.

More out of date is the belaboring of the Communists which Mr. Shulman introduces when Asa again meets Yetta Samovar, his radical college girl friend of "Barefoot Boy." While the class-angled "Tobacco Road" written by one of Yetta's comrades would have been worth a laugh in the 1930's, now it is as dated as the notion of her combined nudist-Communist collective that Mr. Shulman lampoons.

Apparently hard-pressed to fill the middle pages of "The Zebra Derby," Mr. Shulman looses satiric barbs against the sensible center as well as the extremes of the left and right. His attack on the intelligent effort of a war plant town to reconvert to peacetime production doesn't strike me as funny. Even humorists, I suspect, should believe in something.

Reading "The Zebra Derby" and "How to Be a Civilian," then, makes it seem as hard to write a completely satisfying comic book about veterans in the post-war period as it was with soldiers during the war. Something deadly serious about struggling to survive at either time gets in the way of lengthy efforts to be funny. Evidently it's only over briefer stretches that humorists can woo successfully the boff and the yuk, as witness Messrs. Shulman and Thompson.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 621)

W. E. LEONARD:
FOR OUR FATHERS' SONS

We must be heroes.....
Though we have glossed anew the
psalmist's verse,
Our help shall come from out the
ancient hill,
And we shall promise largely and
fulfill,
Feeling, as heroes, our uncon-
quered will,
Part of the epic of the universe.

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The Story of Bolshevism

SOVIET POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 663 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is one of our most inspiring writers on foreign affairs; he is also a fearless and outspoken liberal. His trilogy on the rise of Nazism was a masterpiece, combining a scholar's objectivity with portentous warnings of dark days ahead. His "International Politics" is the outstanding text on the subject.

This time, Schuman has embarked on the most ambitious task of all. His new book attempts to tell "the full story of Bolshevism as a political movement and a way of life from its genesis to its contemporary problems." The result is a formidable opus. Its author goes out of his way to explain that the book is long not because he lacked time to make it short, but because the story could not be made simple and brief without violating the facts. To this reviewer, it seems that Schuman, with all his gifts of forceful description and cogent deduction, has succumbed to what he calls the "exigencies of publication" which even precluded a critical appraisal of the manuscript by others.

Thus a book was born whose voluminous index and text will be eagerly consulted for references. But I doubt whether many will read it in its entirety. The effort to embrace an immense field has led the author into many a side-road and he has not always been successful in his efforts to relate what he saw behind the Russian windows. Besides, a rather forced resolve to avoid the accusation of being a better professor than journalist has backfired. Schuman's style kept at least this reader wondering why, for instance and for Heaven's sake, the author felt the urge to relate that Lenin, on April 16, 1917, wore a "derby hat, a nondescript gray suit, and a new pair of shoes purchased in Stockholm a few days before." Mushrooming "human interest" items may please the publisher's sale department, but the cost of such exuberant journalism is deplorably high.

It is probably too early, for an American in America, to do more than cement the foundations for a first appraisal of the three decades which saw the great social and political upheaval in the Soviet realm. Less ambitious appraisals, in smaller books, like those by Cole, Laserson, and Pares, stand therefore on safer ground. Yet such critical wrath is not meant to deny the considerable value and importance of Schuman's book. For it is a significant contribution to the task of creating a better understanding between the two superpowers and their not so super-human peoples. While Schuman steers a middle course which, he expects, will be denounced by both the "professional heroizers (*sic!*) and hatemongers," he is refreshingly candid (or is it even timely to call him courageous?) in making known that his sympathies are with those who are impressed by the greatness and promise that reverberate from the pages of Soviet history. "Faith and Works," "Swords and Plowshares," "Promised Land" — those are the headings of the three main parts of the book; they reflect the spirit in which it is written.

Throughout the eventful story that begins in 1917 with Lenin's arrival in Petrograd, Schuman endeavors successfully to convey to the reader the idea that Soviet man, as a social man, differs from Western man; he differs in all phases of social and political life. The realization of this basic fact permeates the analysis of Soviet politics. It is coupled with the conviction that "both breeds of men, each in their several ways, have preserved and enriched the common heritage of ethical values derived from Israel, Athens, and Rome. In this circumstance lies the hope of tomorrow."

The most interesting, because most controversial, chapters deal with events since 1944 and with the shadows of the future. Here Schuman leads his reader through the "Promised Land," starting in the blood-soaked plains of Poland. I do not quite appreciate the flavor of the chapter-heading "Polonaise"; neither do I feel that Schuman has even tried to penetrate through the smokescreen that covered the battlefield of Warsaw in the tragic Polish uprising of 1944. From Poland he proceeds toward the cradle of conflict zones where Soviet strategy is busy building new invisible frontiers, adding spheres of influence in Eastern Europe to her directly controlled territories. This story is told in masterly fashion. Follow Yalta and Potsdam and a not too satisfying account of the U.S.S.R's game in Asia: the Asia face of the Soviet Union remains in the shade. The last chapter, on the people of the Soviet Union and their "Coöperative Commonwealth," is challenging

Frederick L. Schuman has made "a significant contribution to creating a better understanding between the two super-powers and their not so super-human peoples."

indeed. What Schuman has to say about the Soviet intelligentsia as a managerial élite (a sizeable group of ten million) almost, I believe, hits the nail on the head. Almost, because he neglects the revealing studies by Schwarz and others on this very subject, as well as the potential political power of the new military élite of marshals and generals.

The rise to power of these military cliques which have no place in the textbooks on democratic government and yet loom large behind the political scene is by no means a sociological phenomenon limited to the spheres of the Kremlin and Narkomindel. Both the people of this country and of the Soviet Union are in dire need of learning about the achievements as well as the failures in democracy in the other country. Only if one realizes the hazards in explaining to a Soviet citizen what democracy means, as a living force, in our own land, can one fully appreciate the difficulties of Mr. Schuman's task. It is only to a small degree his fault that the picture he paints from a distance often remains misty. Unfortunately, it is not entirely convincing that he closes his appraisal of the Russian mission in the world with the mystical phantasies in Dostoievsky's diaries, dreams of the true Russian who would find himself only by becoming "the brother of all men, if you will, a universal man." For it is the same Dostoievsky who, in other dreams, foresaw a new Russia which would link her destinies with those

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of . . . Germany, and who later felt that the time had come for Russia to turn away from Europe and toward Asia, as the great colonizer and conqueror.

Which of Dostoievsky's dreams will come true will to no small extent depend on the course the people of *this* country will choose to take. It is one of the merits of Schuman's books that he understands and emphasizes the fateful link between North America and the U.S.S.R. A greater emphasis on geographic factors would have made this basic thesis even more convincing. Convincing it is; in Schuman's own words, "no two people have more to contribute to the quest of mankind for a new fulfillment of ancient hopes than Americans and Russians. . . . In unison, but only in unison, they have the means to give all men a new and infinitely hopeful destiny."

A Free Press, U. S. Army Brand

THE STORY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES. By Bud Hutton and Andy Rooney. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 240 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

EARLY in 1942, shortly after the first U.S. troops arrived in the British Isles, there was a rumor current both there and in this country that Colonel Bertie McCormick was laying careful plans to publish an overseas edition of his anti-administration, anti-Russian, anti-almost everything *Chicago Tribune* for the troops.

It was then that a handful of former newspaper men, most of them Midwesterners, many of them members of the fine and later heroic 34th Infantry Division, came to London and on an aging press began issuing a weekly edition of *The Stars and Stripes,* a 1942 version of the publication that had so firm and lasting a place in the hearts of the men who fought and won the First World War and whose distinguished alumni included men like Harold Ross, Alexander Woollcott, Franklin P. Adams, Grantland Rice, Steve Early, John T. Winterich, and A. A. Wallgren.

In its early days, this new *Stars and Stripes* (or *The S & S,* as it was very shortly labeled) was printed on an ancient flat-bed press in London's most questionable district, the Soho. It wasn't much of a newspaper, then, as authors Hutton and Rooney admit; it was a country weekly for what was essentially a kind of country weekly Army. But it was honest, and it was American, and its popularity grew so rapidly that by November 1942 a daily was clearly essential, and the expanded staff moved to the austere and crusty offices of the *Times,* whose history-conscious staff soon learned that cheesecake was not a food but a picture of a shapely and relatively undressed young woman.

As the Army expanded, its newspaper also grew, and, eventually, there were editions in North Africa, Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, and at strategic points in the Pacific.

Bud Hutton and Andy Rooney were members of the original staff of brash young men who were from the beginning concerned with publishing what was "a paper for Joe; after that it's a newspaper; after that it's a trade journal whose specialized readers are soldiers, and after that it isn't anything else no matter what the brass says."

And the brass, inevitably and always, had plenty to say. There was a constant struggle between the privates, corporals, and sergeants who were doing the editing and writing and the high-ranking officers who simply because they read newspapers felt they knew best what *The S & S* should say. Strangely enough, until after the war ended at least, the enlisted men won most of the arguments partly because they took the very sane but somewhat dangerous view that, as one sergeant explained: "A general has every bit as much right in *The Stars and Stripes* as a private does." And, more important, because far-seeing, honest leaders like Generals Eisenhower and Marshall were always convinced that a soldier's newspaper must reflect the thoughts of soldiers, even if they were more than occasionally disrespectful.

Hutton and Rooney have not written a very definitive history of *The Stars and Stripes* operation. They have, and rightly, stuck to what they knew first-hand, and there are only a few references to *The S & S* in the Mediterranean, where another staff of fearless civilians in uniform was reporting the news and, at the same time, fighting off the always-threatening censorship of commanders who felt that defeats should never be admitted, mistakes never revealed, and that enlisted men were all right so long as they knew their place. There are only scattered sentences in the book referring to the pioneering of the Pacific staffs of *The Stars and Stripes,* who before and since V-J Day have fought the good fight for honest American journalism.

Most of *The Story of The Stars and Stripes* is concerned with anecdotage about members of the staff, many of whom seem to have been madder than any of the characters in Hecht's and MacArthur's "The Front Page." There was, for example, a zany Indianan, Charles Worthington White, who puzzled everyone when, quite suddenly, he began getting daily haircuts. The mystery was solved only when it was discovered that White was visiting a barber whose bottles for eau de cologne and tonic were each morning filled with equal parts of fairly palatable medical alcohol and water.

There was Lieutenant Robert Moora, whose lectures on chemical warfare always began—and ended—with the sentence: "Chemical warfare is making war with chemicals." And, although the authors never quite say so, it would be a dull reader who did not sense that no two characters on the staff were any more erratic and amusing than Hutton and Rooney

But scattered among the anecdotes are a good many important facts about the war in Europe that have hitherto been unreported: how and why the Battle of the Bulge delayed the crossing of the Rhine from November or December 1944 until late the following March; the Wehrmacht's "human torpedoes" who had been dispatched to blow up that costly German error, the Remagen bridge; the frustrated Nazi plan to capture or kill General Eisenhower and other high-ranking Allied officers.

Some more careful historian may later attempt to tell the complete story of all the wonderfully exciting and successful editions of *The Stars and Stripes.* Bud Hutton and Andy Rooney have, meantime, written a short volume filled with usually accurate tales of some of those editions and of the mad young enlisted newspaper men who proved that free journalism is possible even in the tradition-ridden, discipline-conscious U.S. Army.

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Dromena as Cure-All

MY ONE CONTRIBUTION TO CHESS. (After Twenty Years). New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1945. 113 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

ON the jacket of this entertaining and alarmingly penetrating essay on the nature of things in general, Mr. Lewis Mumford, after pointing out that the work is a much needed and heavily disguised tract for the times, wonders plaintively "where the author has been keeping himself, and why no publisher has discovered him before." The answers are so simple that one is astonished by the dimensions of Mr. Mumford's utterly unexpected naivete. Mr. Morley has been keeping himself for the most part in a large and very good publishing house, a fact of which he is not ashamed to boast. As for the second query, Mr. Mumford should know by this that no publisher ever discovers another publisher if he can possibly avoid it.

The book is full of wit from end to end, a wit which is partly Quakerish and partly Shandean. But its irrelevances and asides about Woodbridge, the East Anglian home of his ancestors, or how to write a serious work on mathematics with your engaging father when he knows all about the theory of functions and you don't, turn out always to be headed somewhere if you take the long-term view. And Mr. Morley's plea for a modification of the shape of the chess board, with the object of evening the odds between Master and Duffer, though put forward with much sweet reasonableness and some seriousness, is in the nature of a subterfuge, a stalking horse, behind which he walks up on bigger game.

Chess has always been a sort of abstract picture of existence, and as such has naturally lent itself for parabolic purposes to various writers. Three and a quarter centuries ago Thomas Middleton under cover of a game of chess satirized the policy of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, on the Jacobean stage and just didn't lose his ears because he was able to pass the buck to the Lord Chamberlain who had allowed "A Game at Chesse" to be played for nine whole days, a tremendous run for those times.

And, of course, there was a momentous journey to the eighth square undertaken by a small girl in the unknown dimension that lies behind all mirrors. Mr. Morley's final objective is less obvious than Middleton's and perhaps isn't so purely metaphysical as Lewis Carroll's, but he seems to have made a point in this book to which the reviewer will return after a necessarily superficial consideration of Mr. Morley's proposed modification of the board.

—Elliott and Fry

F. V. Morley "seems to have got . . . fun out of improbable places such as publishing offices and . . . the War Labor Board."

Many modifications have, of course, been suggested from time to time. Boards of eighty or a hundred squares, complete with extra pawns and dangerous pieces having the combined powers of rooks and knights and bishops and knights, have been dreamed up. Minds at once dreadfully competent and vicious past belief have created the hideous perversion of cylindrical chess, in which a King with one of his men between his sacred person and a hostile castle on the same file is still in check from behind, because the file is a circle and accordingly the King must be guarded both ways. And there are fiends from the bottomless pit of intellectual depravity who go farther and, it is to be hoped, fare worse when they play the game in the three dimensions of an imaginary cube. To weak-minded amateurs like the reviewer (who if Mr. Morley is a fourth-rate player must belong low down in the fifty-fifth flight) the notion of a knight's move in three dimensions is necessarily connected with insufferable cruelty.

Mr. Morley's idea is relatively simple, and is advanced with a view to putting a dent in what he calls "the caste system" of the game. As he says, a second-rate player has little chance against a first-rate antagonist, and this arises in part from want of education rather than want of talent. The lower classes are underprivileged. Force the master to fight in unfamiliar country, where his knowledge of openings and sound developments has not such overwhelming weight, and the untutored guerrilla can give him a run for his money, until the master has studied the astronomical number of possibilities on Mr. Morley's new board, which will take him a long time. All Mr. Morley wants to do is to add six squares to each side of the board, a modification which would at a stroke draw the teeth of irresistible beasts of prey and afford delicious sanctuary to innocent herbivores. No doubt the master would win in the end but only after taxing his talents, as opposed to his experience, to the very uttermost.

But, as hinted above, this really isn't the main thing, which Mr. Morley arrives at in a diverting, devious, and slantindicular manner. By way of digression piled upon digression, he somehow gets to the Egyptian chronicler Manetho, who besides reminding him of his brother Christopher was devoted to the cult of Serapis.

Now the cult of Serapis was a "dromenon," and if you don't know what this is, neither does the Oxford Dictionary, nor Webster, nor, for that matter, Liddell and Scott. However, this is of no moment, for Miss Jane Harrison, as quoted by Mr. Morley, knows exactly what it means, namely, "a pattern of dynamic expression in which the performers express something larger than themselves, and a therapeutic rhythm in which they find release and fulfillment." Even the feeble-minded amateur must see in one lightning glance that chess is a dromenon, something "run for its own sake" (to give the middle force of the participle as pointed out by a classically-minded daughter), and this goes a long way to explain the terror and attraction of the great game. As Mr. Morley points out, you can't play down to a feebler antagonist at chess any more than you can play up to a strong one. Always the compulsive "rigor of the game" is there. And the victor in a great contest between equals will go to his grave lamenting that he neglected some refinement, lacking which his triumph is mere triumph, graceless and uninspired. So the mathematician remains unsatisfied by a proof complete but innocent of that elegance which he dreams of but never attains.

As Mr. Mumford observes, the tract is heavily disguised. Every syllable of the book conveys the idea that not enough people get mixed up with enough dromena. The things that interest them do not interest them enough. The mind is not compelled

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to attempt what is beyond its powers. And one may make a mental broad jump at this point and hazard the guess that happiness is the prerogative of those who pursue some reasonable but glorious impossibility. Mr. Morley seems to have got a great deal of fun out of improbable places such as publishing offices and the grim precincts of the War Labor Board by following his principle.

It only remains for the captious critic to administer the lambasting essential to every book review worthy the name. Mr. Morley in a sentence that fairly drips learning (which he says he lifted but in this instance must have invented) alleges that Herodotus praised Manetho as one of the best of those Egyptians who were "the most diligent of all men in preserving the memory of the past." The statement is fortified by a reference to Herodotus, Book II, 77, 1. On examination it appears that Herodotus, not unnaturally, makes no mention of Manetho. How could he? Could Gibbon praise Mommsen? Herodotus had been nearly a century in his grave when the Egyptian began tinkering with his thirty dynasties. Clearly Mr. Morley is either pulling the pedantic leg or has erred like the rest of us. It doesn't matter in any case, for a hundred blunders in detail would not be sufficient to detract from the attentive reader's enjoyment of a charming and illuminating book.

For the Americana Shelf

STEELWAYS OF NEW ENGLAND. By Alvin F. Harlow. New York: Creative Age Press, Inc. 1946. 434 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROGER BURLINGAME

AS interest has grown in the social and cultural story of America, we have, at least in its early phases, demanded more and more regional approaches. The result, in the last decade, has been a deluge of books such as those in the River series, the Mountain series, the Valley series, and others less logical along with such literary exploration as Brooks's "The Flowering of New England." We are waking at last to the importance of the country's material development through industry, transportation, commerce, and business in general—factors far more causal than wars, political campaigns, or literature. We may welcome, then, Creative Age Press's announcement of the Railroads of America series, a regional approach to the history of overland steam transportation, which was responsible for continental settlement and, to a large extent, for maintaining the national integrity through a century of the nation's growth.

"Steelways of New England" is the opener of the series. Alvin F. Harlow, an expert in antiquarian Americana and a writer of great facility, has done a complete job, exhaustive in its detail. The choice of New England for the first of the series brings up, to be sure, the question of chronology. Real railroad activity certainly began and got to the point for which it was headed sooner further south. While the Yankees were still bickering about eminent domain, expense, and the question of whether trains should be drawn by horses or by locomotives, steam roads in South Carolina, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and other states were already in commercial use. The Granite Line of Massachusetts, a horse-drawn affair, which many antiquarians have exploited with enthusiasm, can hardly, it seems to me, be called a railroad in the sense with which our history is concerned. It got so much publicity, however, that it started the tremendous driving force necessary to overcome natural Yankee resistance. From 1830 on, Massachusetts became increasingly railway-conscious. The Legislature was agog with it for so long and the fight, accompanied by the continuous ridicule of the press, was so absorbing that the horse dropped out of the world's railway picture before 1835, when the twenty-six-mile steam road was opened from Boston to the growing manufacturing town of Lowell.

From then on, there was frenzied activity. Boston and New York were in angry commercial competition. This was the real driving force behind the Boston & Worcester, whose promoters dreamed of extending it to Albany to cut off western trade and direct it to the east instead of to the south, but by '35 all the New England states were busy, and the ancestors of the Boston & Albany, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Boston & Maine, the Maine Central, the Rutland, and the Vermont Central were under construction. Here we come into the essential picture. The network of little roads, which spread in the 40's and 50's over the whole of New England, was a replica of what was happening in every eastern region. This extremely complex picture is something that must be studied in detail by anyone who wants to understand the process by which the American railroad system became the skeleton upon which the flesh of our country grew and fattened. As soon as the railroad idea took hold, everyone wanted it at his back door, with the result that small communities forced into existence a quantity of little branch lines, many with a separate corporate structure. Some of them were stillborn, some died in childhood, and some were amalgamated into the enduring structure we have today, but all this primitive and apparently haphazard experiment, which Mr. Harlow so ably traces, was essential to the development of the vast system which built the national economy of the 70's, 80's, and 90's.

Many of New England's problems in the early days were exceptional or even unique. Frost, snow, and mountains made the going tougher than in the tidewater regions farther south. And peculiar situations were introduced by the stubborn, highly individualistic, and at times almost feudal temper of the Yankee. Yet there was, too, avid commercial ambition among the pioneer promoters, which amounted at times to greed. These things complicate the business history of New England's railroad enterprises to a point where the ordinary reader, even with Mr. Harlow's insistent efforts at clarity, becomes at times completely lost. It is hard to see how the intricacies can be dodged without the loss of important factual material. It is this material which makes the book so valuable as a work of reference and as a solid text book on the subject, but the lay reader, who picks it up for entertainment or as something to be read through, rather than merely consulted, may be disappointed. Questions of incorporation, charters, rates, costs, profits, loans, stock, bonds, financial transactions in general, frequently take the story completely away from the tracks, and we find ourselves longing at times for the sound of the whistle and the bell and the shower of sparks from the locomotive.

It is evident that the author, too, chafes under his necessity. Again and again by anecdote, quotes from the contemporary press, and bits of legend or folk lore wedged in between business deals, he tries to bring us back to the trains. Thus he has introduced some grand characters—Major Whistler, the brilliant Massachusetts planner engineer (father of the artist); William Robinson, the English engine-driver sent over with one of the Stephenson imported locomotives, who worked in a beaver hat and kid gloves and used to damage his engine to exploit his miraculous

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repairs if needed; the forgotton inventor, Gridley Bryant, of switch and turntable fame, and the later notorious swashbuckling Benjamin F. Butler, to mention only a few; and there are vivid stories of opening celebrations, disasters, train wrecks, and such almost insuperable engineering operations as the Hoosac Tunnel.

There is a chapter entitled "Comfort and Elegance" which gives an effective picture of the gradual transition of the public mind from the visions of speed and adventure to the acceptance of the railroad as an essential part of life. Another chapter, "Operation by Trial and Error," tells of the slow growth of signal systems and safety devices which, contrary to the British sequence, only appeared years after the operation of railroads had become a commonplace.

The book is the most scholarly achievement so far of Mr. Harlow's long and versatile career. To the large body of real railroad enthusiasts, who make the study of origins a hobby, Mr. Harlow's book will probably be a must. As a lure to the casual general reader into the mystery and adventure of this phase of the national history, it is not a complete success, though there are enough excellent and, in their way, fascinating illustrations to tempt the outsider, at least into scanning and selection, if not to a cover-to-cover reading.

In some ways, the book's failure as pure entertainment is in its favor. Books like this are urgently needed in the library of Americana. I recommend "Steelways of New England" as a volume to own—to keep on the shelf for reference or for occasional reading here and there, even by the non-fan.

Stephen Leacock's Own Story

THE BOY I LEFT BEHIND ME. By Stephen Leacock. New York: Doubleday & Company. 1946. 184 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS slender little book of Stephen Leacock's reminiscences of his youth and early education is the beginning of an autobiography which his death unfortunately left uncompleted. "The Boy I Left Behind Me" is a genial, pleasant, witty (occasionally barbed), discursive account of his boyhood in Victorian England and his life up to his twentieth year. It takes him from Swanmore, Hampshire, where he was born, through the years on the Old Farm in Canada where his family moved when he was six or so, his boarding school days in Upper Canada College in Toronto, his teacher's training course at Strathoy, to his first year as a teacher of modern languages at Uxbridge, "situated nowhere in particular on the high ground between Lake Ontario and Lake Simcoe."

Mr. Leacock's recollections have the charm and informality of an after-dinner speech; anyone reading the book would know immediately that the author was an experienced and entertaining speaker who talked easily and well, rambling a bit occasionally, getting ahead of his story and bringing himself without embarrassment back to the point where he left off, pausing to give little asides and opinions, as a man does who has a wealth of material which engrosses him and who is completely articulate and without self-consciousness. But informal and deceptively casual as the tone of these reminiscences may be, there is much in the book which is profound, outspoken, and unsparing. Mr. Leacock was a good teacher, but as he remarks, "I spent ten and a half years of my life in teaching school, and I liked the last day of it as little as I liked the first."

He was throughout his life an ardent crusader against what he felt was outmoded and stultifying in the educational system, including the concept of "the classical education" as the basis for national culture and leadership. The "splendid classical education" which he himself received in his early years gave him much to think bitterly on, and much to criticize. Its overbalanced emphasis on ancient Greek and Latin, its disregard for the science, economics, and sociology of a changing world, its scholarly isolationism, aroused him to violent protest. "The chief trouble with the classical scholarship," he writes,

> was its infernal conceit. The typical classical scholar developed under encouragement into a sort of pundit. He knew it all—not part of it, all of it. What he didn't know wasn't college. The phrase was used long after by Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, but it might have been used by any of them from the days of Dr. Busby of Westminster, in the days of Charles II, down to their last octogenarian successors of yesterday. They knew it all. That is to say, they knew nothing whatever of medicine and would have roared with laughter over their ignorance of it, with a neat Latin quotation to cap it. They knew nothing whatever of the geographical and geological globe about them, replacing it with an intimate knowledge of the Aegean Sea as of 500 B.C. They knew nothing of the investigations of natural science, had no vision as to where it was leading, nothing of its application to industry, nothing of industry itself, nothing of finance—in fact, looked at in a proper focus, all that they did know was nothing as compared with the vast portentous knowledge that was rising on the horizon of a changing world. Even for literature and the drama, all that goes with the republic of letters, their point of view was turning hopelessly astray by their persistent tradition that of course Latin and Greek literature was far superior to that of our own day. To say this in A.D. 1500 was to state a plain truth. To say it in A.D. 1900 was to say pure unadulterated nonsense.

In this book he has a number of bitter things to say about the lot of the school teacher and the teaching profession in general, and much that is thoughtful and to the point about modern education both in England and America, and in Canada. His own story he tells with mellow and kindly humor, understating its hardships (or at least recounting them without a tinge of self-pity), looking back on his life on the remote farm, school and college days, and his first year as a teacher at Uxbridge.

Mr. Leacock's book will be of particular interest to teachers and educators, but it has much more than that specialized interest. It is the very human, very warm and delightful story of a thoughtful, wise, and likable man.

—*Karsh Ottoway*

Stephen Leacock's "is the delightful story of a thoughtful, wise, and likable man."

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Strictly Personal

WHEN D. H. LAWRENCE WAS SHOCKED

AMONG my collaborators on the staff of *Jugend*, the Berlin literary-artistic magazine of which I was editor for a time, were many who never fell for the Nazi myth, but stayed in Germany all the same. They hoped to weather the storm, or perhaps even to establish some sort of intellectual opposition, if only in the form of passive resistance. Some of them were hampered by personal circumstances or even by the feeling that their physical and moral forces were simply not sufficient for the jump in the dark of exile, which most likely would mean starvation. And it was indeed more difficult for writers than for designers or painters, whose medium of expression is not bound to the limits of language.

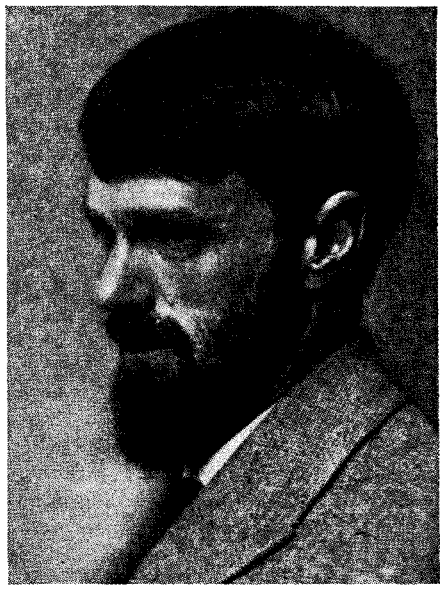
What, for example, would my old friend August Wisbeck have done in exile? He was some years older than I, a former cavalry officer who during the First World War had become a major in the Turkish Army. After some excursions in the picturesque world of the early movies, he had settled down in Munich with his much too small pension in order to follow his real vocation, that of becoming a "Schwabinger," a bohemian of the most delightful type. He had a marvelous sense of grotesque humor and was a wonderful story-teller, especially over a bottle of wine, of which he consumed more than was good for his state of health, physical and economic. Only when driven by a bitter need for money could he bring himself to writing down his stories, which were in general promptly printed by *Jugend* or other magazines.

Our collaboration was carried over when I went from *Jugend* to *Simplicissimus*, and provided for him finally a sort of regular income which he badly needed. Without being actively interested in politics, he heartily detested the Nazis and all their works. I don't know how he managed to live in the atmosphere of the Third Reich. But his marvelous vitality, overtaxed for so many decades, had already begun to decline. Not long before I left, he suffered a nervous breakdown from which he recovered slowly. He had not the slightest chance of making a living in a foreign country, and there was a son whom he dearly loved, a young boy of twenty living with his mother who, for understandable reasons, had obtained a divorce after two years of marriage to the too attractive August Wisbeck, but had remained on good and friendly terms with him. He did not see any other way out than to stay on, keeping aloof from the whole Nazi business. But it was too much for him. Some years later, in France, I received the news of his death. Only recently I learned how he had died. It seems that he developed a bad case of persecution complex—which perhaps was not only a mania but justified by real facts. For to the Nazis even the opposition of silence was a crime, and I doubt whether he could always keep silent. He finally had to be transferred to an asylum, the ultimate refuge of a reasonable and decent man in a world of madness. But he chose a refuge even more secure; he committed suicide.

IT is strange to remember and to report that the perhaps somewhat flippant but never too spicy jokes of my poor old friend Wisbeck happened to shock and even to frighten one of the most daring and most original authors of modern literature, the same D. H. Lawrence whom English prudishness stupidly branded as a pornographer.

Years before making his personal acquaintance I had become deeply interested in his novel "The Rainbow," which first introduced to Germany his later completely translated work. The person who gave me the book and told me some interesting details about the author was his sister-in-law, married to the socialist economist Professor Jaffe, who during the German revolution was for some time minister of finance.

Mrs. Jaffe as well as her sister Frieda Lawrence must have been somewhat of a headache to their father, the old Baron von Richthofen; he was still a commanding general in the old Imperial Army when Frieda, married to an English university professor, one day simply left her respectable home and her five beloved children in order to go away with a sort of literary tramp, the son of a Lancashire miner, some years younger than she and without a penny of regular income. In comparison even a socialist minister must have



". . . a sick faun who had left his woods, adapting himself to the human pattern."

appeared as a sort of minor evil. But evidently the two daughters had transformed the traditional military virtues of the old soldier's family into the higher form of moral and civic courage. While Frieda Lawrence traveled around the world with her husband, who slowly began to reach fame and even to earn some money, Mrs. Jaffe lived in the liberal and intellectual circles of Munich. She had done some translating from the English for me when I was editor of *Auslandspost*. I had written some reviews about Lawrence, and so it was quite natural that she should arrange a personal meeting when in the fall of 1927 he came to spend some weeks in her little country house in Irschenhausen, in the Isar valley near Munich.

Even after nineteen years, my first impression of his strange and fascinating personality is as fresh and lively as if it had been yesterday that we had tea together. It was the first time I had shared the afternoon of a faun, a sick faun who out of sheer friendliness had left his mysterious woods, adapting himself for some hours in manners and appearance to the usual human pattern; but one felt him likely to disappear at any moment with a light caper over the tea table and through the window, to return to the company of other goat-footed half gods waiting for him behind the next bushes.

No doubt he was gravely ill. Tuberculosis, the miner's illness, had emaciated his tall bony body and his stooped shoulders. His suit seemed much too large for him. But the pale triangular face with the large forehead and the little reddish goatee was illuminated by a spiritual vitality which triumphantly denied all physical decay. His eyes, peering from deep

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sockets under bushy brows, had the strange intensity with which an animal or some deity of nature might gaze at the curious world of human beings — half astonished and half amused, but at any rate entirely detached, separated by an unbridgeable distance, safe from any human entanglement which could endanger his unlimited inner freedom.

His soft, high voice carefully and a bit hesitatingly formed the German language, which he had learned and sometimes used with members of his wife's family. He knew that I had some reading knowledge of English, but could not speak or understand it. He succeeded amazingly well in expressing himself in German in a very personal and even picturesque way. The German letters to his mother-in-law, for example, posthumously published by Frieda Lawrence, have a special charm. I am glad to have among his letters to me also some samples of this special Lawrence German.

We discussed books and authors extensively, but in contrast to most writers he did not speak about the circulation figures of his books or about his contracts with his publishers. He hardly seemed to know what royalties he received, and this sovereign disregard for money encouraged me to ask him if he would give me a short story for *Jugend;* though, of course, I could not compete with the big royalties which, for example, the Ullstein papers were able to offer. In general I could not afford "great names," not even German great names, who were very anxious not to sell themselves under price. But Lawrence immediately promised to look for a story which—that was the only difficulty—would be short enough for my limited space.

When I sent him some copies of *Jugend,* he answered with a letter which seems to me a real contribution to the better understanding of his art and his person. This is what he wrote: "Many thanks for the *Jugends,* which came safely yesterday. I've looked at them all the evening—but I haven't read the stories yet, only the jokes. Some of them are very good—and the whole thing is alive—but the curious sexual cynicism is a bit alarming, because it's just how the world is. But whatever will be the end of it, if there is nothing to counterbalance it? I tell you, when I've looked through ten *Jugends,* I feel thoroughly frightened."

The rest of the letter refers only to the date of our next meeting, when I wanted him to see Hans Carossa, not only the poet but also the doctor. Carossa was indeed one of the best specialists in the treatment of tuberculosis, and I had the same feeling which Lawrence expressed by writing: "If a poet who is a doctor can't tell me what to do with myself, then who can?"

I was not in the least astonished by Lawrence's reaction to the harmless jokes of my friend Wisbeck, to which nobody else ever objected, not even the United States Postmaster General, who strongly disapproves of Vargas girls. But I understood perfectly that Lawrence was in fact a puritan in reverse. What was called his "sexual obsession" was a kind of religious obsession. Sex for him was the sacred symbol of life, and any sort of humorous treatment of this topic seemed to him really blasphemous. He could celebrate the cult of Priapus with all the solemnity of a high priest. And deeply provoked by Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy in the matter of sex, he could become a fanatical zealot in preaching his new gospel of sex, which was for him the gospel of salvation.

He was so terribly serious about it that sometimes, as for example in "Lady Chatterley's Lover," his holy earnestness produces the opposite effect — involuntary comicality. But he was as intransigent as the stoutest puritan in respect to naughty jokes, not because sex was impure and an invention of the devil, but on the contrary because it was the pure and holy and divine essence of life. It was nothing to joke at or to smile at. What he wrote to me in another letter is typical; he wrote this time in German: "Ich lese die *Jugend* — es amusiert mich, und ich finde es ein bischen 'shocking.' Die Hauptsache ist, dass es lebt. Ich bin selber etwas altmodisch, und kann nie Bubikopfe liebhaben. Mein Erziehung hat sicher noch ein paar Schritten zu machen." ("I am reading *Jugend*—it amuses me and I find it a bit 'shocking.' The main thing is, it is alive. I am myself a bit old-fashioned and never can like bobbed heads. My education certainly has yet to advance some steps.")

Amusingly enough, he used the same word "shocking," although in the ironical and almost accusatory sense, when later, in April, 1928, he wrote me from Florence about his "last novel," "Lady Chatterley": "Es ist zu shocking—shocking fuer die Englische Verleger; also gebe ich es selber aus. Es wird jetzt gedruckt, in einer kleinen Buchdruckerei in Florenz wo kein Mensch versteht ein wort Englisch. Das ist sehr gut, niemand kann shocked werden." ("It is too shocking—shocking for the English publishers; so I publish it myself. It is now being printed in a small printing house in Florence where nobody understands one word of English. That is very well, nobody can be shocked.")

I saw Lawrence two or three times more in the fall of 1927, and I remember especially the day when Hans Carossa went with me to Irschenhausen in order to examine Lawrence's lungs. I suppose deep in himself Lawrence knew that he was lost, but his miraculous inner vitality could never accept this idea of death. He eagerly listened to Carossa's suggestions for further treatment, but I felt that the tone of quiet confidence in Carossa's voice was somehow forced. Lawrence himself seemed rather encouraged.

When we left finally, I asked Carossa, while walking to the station, what he really had found. He hesitated a moment before he said, "An average man with those lungs would have died long ago. But with a real artist no normal prognosis is ever sure. There are other forces involved. Maybe Lawrence can live two or even three years more. But no medical treatment can really save him."

"The poet who was a doctor" proved to be cruelly right. Lawrence died in March of 1930, forty-five years old. I shall always bitterly regret that I missed the opportunity to see Lawrence more often. He had offered me his house, the Villa Scandicci in Florence, whenever I wanted to come; but I was tied up with my editorial work. The next year he did not return, as he had planned, to the little house in Irschenhausen, but he sometimes wrote me a few lines, asking my technical advice for reproductions of his paintings or telling me that he had finally found a story short enough for *Jugend,* the lovely little story about the dog Rixi.

Gravely ill, fighting for many years a gallant but losing battle against death, he kept his work and his life free from morbidity, from any sort of unhealthy resentment. He never accepted defeat. He proved to be "fort comme la mort"—or even strong as life. I shall always be grateful to the fate which brought me to know him, and I shall always be proud and happy that his name was among the writers of *Jugend.*

FRANZ SHOENBERNER

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OUR POSITION ON HOME, SWEET HOME FOR THE U.N.O.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, like our broker, banker, real estate, and advertising neighbors in Greenwich and vicinity heartily approves of the U. N. O. We believe in world peace, no immediate wars, friendship among nations, and, in general, everything we ought to believe. But as our neighbors, who are determined to cling to the acres on which their ancestors (or somebody's ancestors) settled three hundred years ago, object to eviction by a parvenu world government, so we object to the locating of the temporary headquarters of the U. N. O. in Rockefeller Center, only five blocks from our offices on 45th Street.

We think that with the lower East Side and other low-income neighborhoods open, it should go where there are not so many rich people to be inconvenienced. Poor people enjoy moving—remember the Okies! Poor people occupy less space per capita, and do not own their properties, anyway. In our favored area, which many of us have occupied for nearly fifteen years, there are still innumerable unexploited business opportunities, as witness the current project to buy a church on Fifth Avenue for some millions of dollars in order to erect a thirty-story office building. We believe in world order in its place, but not if it has to have headquarters on such important streets as Fifth and Sixth Avenues.

We object to world headquarters in Rockefeller Center for sound business reasons. In the old days, something could be said commercially for the diplomat. He had money to spend—he had to have money to spend—it was money often that made him a diplomat. The Metternich-Castelreagh type of world settlement was good for the night clubs and restaurants, provided agreeable guests for the native notables, and was helpful to the marriage market. But this U. N. O. made up of delegates who are mostly college professors, Socialists, and Communists, from fifty-one nations, of which seventy-five percent are bankrupt, is simply bad for trade.

We know, of course, what will happen if there is another world war (though the last one, after all, was not too bad for either Greenwich or midtown New York). We are ardent advocates of peace. We are willing to sacrifice everything and anyone except ourselves and those ancestral acres where General Putnam founded the family whose scion now delivers our milk. Try us with anything—international loans (properly guaranteed), food rationing for the masses, reduction of tariffs (if we can choose the tariffs). Or let our bankers suggest suitable areas in South Philadelphia or North Dakota, where land can be purchased at a reasonable, or at almost any, price.

But do not think of taking away our beloved Forty-fifth Street. Do not stop the upward soar of our skyscrapers, do not crowd the street in front of the Harvard Club with aliens. (We understand that already the Yale Club is offering to take in homeless refugees whose sensibilities may be wrecked by the proximity of the Harvard Club to Persians, Ukrainians, and representatives of the British Labor Party.) Do not drive away the buyers, and the radio announcers, the feature girls, and the showmen with their pockets full of money. Think of our restaurants full of sad-eyed delegates speculating on the atomic bomb! Think of our banks with foreigners trying to deposit lire and roubles! Think of America the (rich and) beautiful! For we Americans are willing to do anything for the world, if only the world will find some other place to do it in.

H. S. C.

Byron and Water

By Christopher Morley

Lord Byron used to sit up at night writing under the influence of gin and water.
(LEIGH HUNT: "Autobiography")

Except when chasing someone's daughter
Byron lived on gin and water;
Fearful of the nickname Fatso
Ate small meals in his palazzo.

When he wrote on Scotch Reviewers
Gin was served in jugs and ewers;
Many a keg Milford unbarrrelled
For the cantos of "Childe Harold."
I don't wish to be didactic,
But gin was reckoned prophylactic
In an age of open sewers.
Italy certainly had, gee whillikers,
As many bacilli as basilicas.

Once at midnight the young Lord,
Lush with lyric, having poured
Deep his beaker crystal clear
(With his mind in stratosphere)
Wrote and drank, and drank and wrote,
Hoping the celestial note.

Zoe mou, sas agapo,
He cried, but stimulus came slow—
Maid of Athens, ere we part—
Is there no other rhyme but *heart?*
Maid of Athens . . . Maid of Athos . . .
Not a damn thing comes but bathos.
Cannot passion, cannot binge
Improve on *soft cheeks' blooming tinge?*
No geist, no gimp, and no afflatus:
Like biscuits without saleratus.
Now, with all my wits aspin,
Why don't showmanship begin?

He drank again.—Ha, listen, Leigh!
Sennacherib, the joke's on me:
I forgot to add the gin.

What a flop, when noble Georgie
Wrote without benefit of orgy.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Rural Radio Listener Rebels

SIR:

Come spring, come noon—them city hicks
(Oh, I could groan er shout!),
A-copyin' of us in the sticks!
Come *them*—I'll tune them out!

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD.

Ogden, Utah

The Head Is Bowed

SIR: In your issue of January 19, designating a portrait of a Roman, was the caption: "A fellow-citizen of Horace's—a statue of the Augustan era."

Was the rule governing the correct use of the apostrophe destroyed at Hiroshima? Or, like modern man, has it become obsolete?

ESTELLE BROWN.

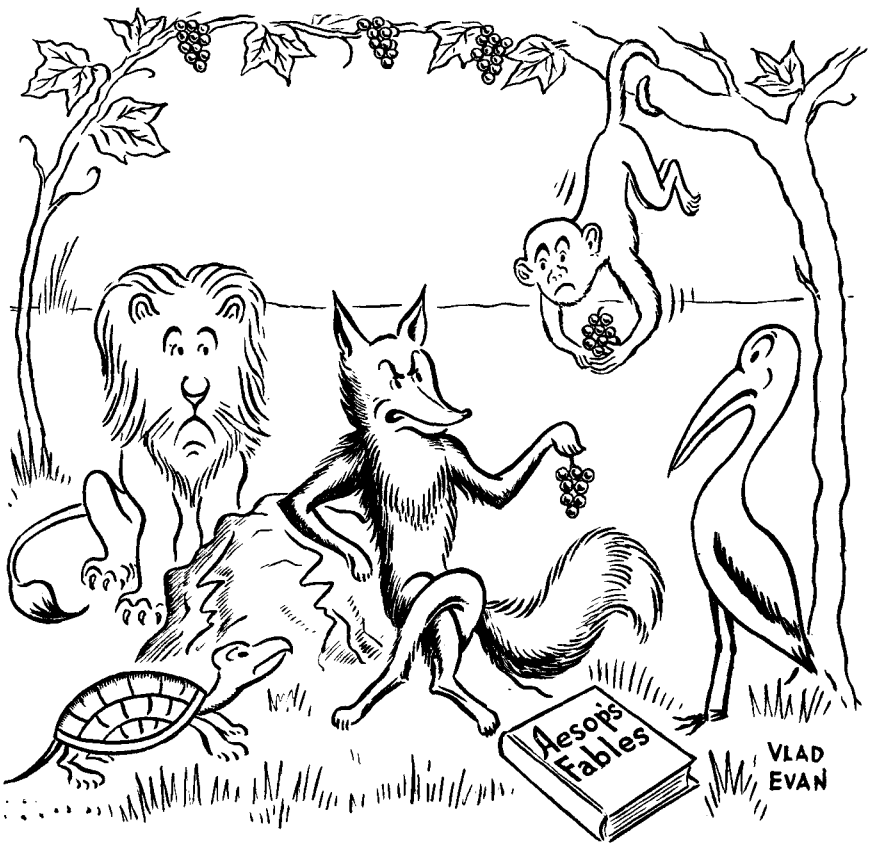
Tucson, Ariz.

Sterne in the Pulpit

SIR: I am now engaged in preparing for publication a study of the sermons of Laurence Sterne, and would be most grateful if any of your readers could furnish me with information as to the present ownership or location of any of Sterne's manuscript sermons.

LANSING V. HAMMOND.

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.



"I still say they're sour!"

Shall and Will Again

SIR: The *shall-will* discussions frequently imply that the distinctions in the uses of these words are impositions of the dogmatism of ignorant grammarians. By the way, why are grammatical "rules" usually spoken of as "hard and fast"? It is sometimes forgotten that these words have—or had—different meanings, and that what seems to be a confusing shift of implication between the words as used by the speaker and by the person spoken to or about has resulted from these different meanings.

And now, a brief drama from life.

Place: Rural England.

Time: A bright, brisk May morning several hundred years ago.

Characters: An Anglo-Saxon father and his two sons, Bill and Jim.

The father speaks: "A fine morning! I shall (ought to, have a duty to) weed the garden, but I will (wish to) go fishing."

Relying upon previous association of these two words with human conduct, what did the boys expect the old man to do? He did.

The next morning. The father speaks again: "Another fine morning! Bill, you and Jim will (want to) go fishing, but you shall (ought to, have a duty to) weed the garden."

And the boys weeded the garden.

We tend to act according to our wishes rather than according to our duty. But, in so far as we can, we see to it that others follow their duty, and give little thought to their wishes. This somewhat amusing human foible, and not the grammarian, occasioned the differing implications of these words in certain uses.

The "rule" which has occasioned so much comment was merely an attempt to generalize briefly the facts which the grammarian had observed.

Perhaps with the loss of any sense of the meanings of these words, their connotations in these constructions will disappear, as has happened with the past tense forms *would* and *should*. But it will be a loss, not a gain. It might be desirable for the schools to restore to the curriculum the teaching of the English language so that writers could know when to use *will* and *shall*, *who* and *whom*, etc.

V. C. COULTER.

Laramie, Wyo.

Another Lost Manuscript

SIR: In your issue of January 19 C. B. Boutell reports a series of incidents involving lost manuscripts. I have recently read about a similar incident which was used by Henrik Ibsen in one of his plays.

The story is told by Dr. Max Osborn, the noted German art and literary critic, now living in New York, in his recently published book "Der Bunte Spiegel," pages 223 and 224. The hero of the story is Julius Hoffory (1855-97), who was associate professor of Scandinavian literature in Berlin. Though a man of great talent, Hoffory was a queer and extremely absent-minded person. I translate the incident as related by Dr. Osborn:

> Hoffory was a close friend of Eduard Sievers, professor of Germanic literature at Leipzig, who had finished around 1890 a comprehensive and learned work on old Germanic metrics after many years of toil. He sent the gigantic manuscript to his friend Hoffory at Berlin, asking him to look it over. It was naturally a manuscript in the true sense of the word—written by hand. Hoffory soon left for his summer vacation and took the manuscript along to study at his leisure. It filled a large new travelling bag. At the station in Strassburg he handed the bag together with other pieces of luggage to a man who offered his services as a porter. The alleged porter turned out to be a thief who was probably attracted by the new bag.
>
> Imagine the fury of the thief, who found in the beautiful bag nothing but a learned discussion of old Germanic metrics. Sievers was still sadder, as can easily be understood. But a professor of those days could not be discouraged. He sat down and wrote the whole book again. It appeared in 1893. And then occurred something quite unexpected. Hoffory reviewed it in the *Journal of German Philology* and tore it completely to pieces. In an extensive critical article he explained that in his opinion the work was completely wrong both in its general conclusions and in its special parts. That is what I call scientific incorruptibility.
>
> But another friend of Hoffory's heard of the incident—Henrik Ibsen. The poet was then working on "Hedda Gabler" and had planned to use the personality of Hoffory in his character Eilert Lovberg. The dissipated genius was intended to bear the marks of the Danish pro-

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fessor in Berlin. The Strassburg incident suited the poet excellently for his plot. Lovberg also loses a manuscript through irresponsibility and absent-mindedness.

I cannot judge whether it was a blessing for Sievers's book to be rewritten because I have never seen it and if I had I would not be able to judge its quality, but the incident was presumably a blessing for Ibsen. Without it "Hedda Gabler" doubtless would have turned out to be a different play.

BERT F. HOSELITZ.
Chicago, Ill.

Foreign Correspondence

SIR: Oh happy, happy day! I have just read Ralph Chapman's splendid attack on the writing of foreign correspondents (*SRL*, Feb. 2). As an editor, I am unhappily aware of their shortcomings. As a foreign correspondent of some experience, I am aware of more serious shortcomings which Mr. Chapman might care to write about.

America is top nation today, no one will question that. The world looks to see the steps America plans before each country decides its own. Yet America has no foreign policy. Surely this is largely due to the utterly incomprehensible reporting from abroad. American foreign correspondents have a tremendous responsibility, and they are letting their readers down completely.

L'affaire Morgan, of recent smell, is as good as any as a case in point. Any good reporter knows that remarks elicited during a question period are influenced by nervousness and uncertainty—and in a careful report, he will allow for this. Yet the remarks of the UNRRA head for Germany were taken right out of context, given a wrong interpretation (almost maliciously, one might—indeed, this one does—think), and headlined throughout America.

I am unusually proud that the organization with which I am associated was alone in presenting General Morgan's comment in correct perspective. Our correspondent was Lionel S. B. Shapiro, himself a Jew, and, one would think, more likely to take General Morgan amiss.

The answer is, of course, that the correspondents, starved for hot news, helped themselves to a juicy plum. What's more, they made no effort to view what Morgan said in the light of existing conditions. They were probably unaware of any such conditions, since they speak little or no German for the most part and, like Cook's pre-war sheep, prefer to huddle about sources of news which are intelligible to them.

These are, of course, generalities, and may be unfair to a few. There are many specific instances. One of the biggest American news agencies has a heavily staffed Paris bureau. But to cover the Pétain trial, it scoured Europe before finding in Madrid one of their correspondents with sufficient background and mastery of the language to carry out a pretty routine assignment. Yet even so, this man visualized and reported the trial and the very different French legal procedure in terms of an American court. Not until Paris papers reached me, weeks later, was any clear understanding of the trial possible.

Not all the shortcomings are abroad, however, Mr. Chapman notwithstanding. The recent *New Yorker* report on outrageous and major errors of fact in the Patton obituaries is a good example of inadequacy on the home front. Indeed, the very condition of which Mr. Chapman complains could largely be overcome if newspapers would take the trouble to hire for their copy desks not comma herders and Webster scratchers, but men who can chisel and mold ideas.

Another home front remedy can be simply applied to the mental sickness of our foreign correspondents: a little intelligent coöperation from the business office. I know of a man, foreign editor on several important U. S. newspapers, who had been brought up in France in the home of a French senator, graduated from the Sorbonne, and acted as aide to a number of French cabinet ministers. He recently sought and was offered an assignment as Paris correspondent. He had been worth $100 a week to the papers for which he worked here. He asked for $125 in Paris—little enough in view of inflation and the then low franc exchange. The man who got the Paris assignment in his stead had a smattering of school-days French, had never been to France before, had —in his own words—"never bothered much with foreigners' politics," had previously had a city hall assignment (not in New York)—but was glad to go over for $85 a week.

Small wonder that this high profession is losing the better brains every day to advertising, to publicity, to any decently paying field; that the few good men in the craft are actuated mainly by a sense of mission, of obligation to mankind; that the slick talker, rather than the craftsman, has such a deadly hold in journalism today.

We go daily in inspired fear of "foreign propaganda." But how few realize that the most insidious propaganda is that we find under bylines we think we can trust. The foreign reporter's job, in addition to reporting, is to interpret the country to which he is assigned in careful historical and social perspective, as a specialist. This is clearly not possible from the comfort and emotional security of an American consulate or embassy. Yet even if he drags himself out and finds a "contact," that "contact" is too often one with personal motives for the outlay in time and trouble this involves.

Recently I gave a colleague who was leaving for France a copy of "L'Histoire Jugera," collected editorials of Leon Blum. I also gave him a dictionary to help him read it. "Thanks," he said, "the dictionary will be useful. I'll need it in the fleshpots."

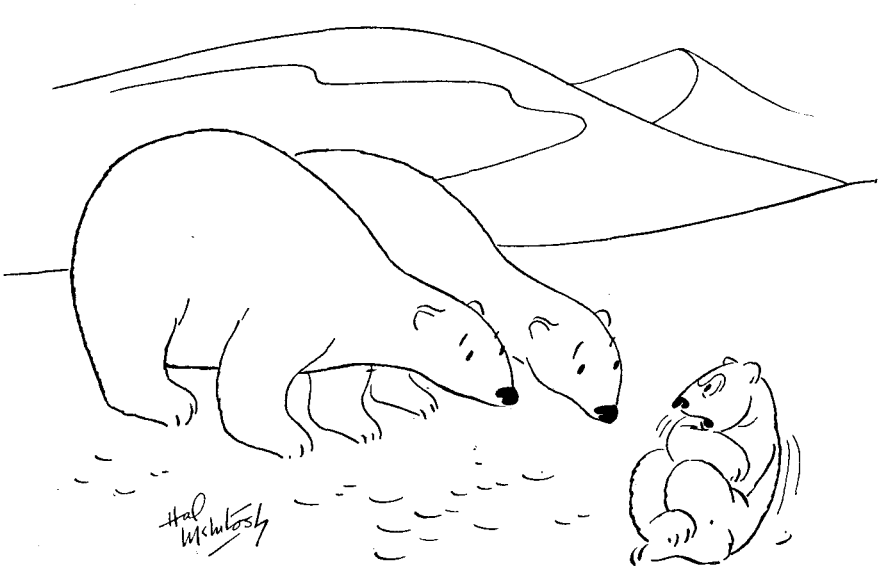
PETER JOUBERT-COLLIERS
New York, N. Y.

A Dissenter on Housman

SIR: In the turmoil of inappropriate means and confused ends that characterizes our national schooling, Sir Richard Livingstone's "On Education" is so conspicuous as a kindly and authoritative guide that no living teacher can ignore it. Therefore imagine my chagrin, and perhaps Mr. Benét's too, in the face of Sir Richard's contention that A. E. Housman, for all his passion for perfection, is distilled poison of such deadliness as makes him unfit for the young, who receive his poems as school prizes only because their instructors are not aware of the hemlock fascination of the poet's self-centered, self-pitying, and abject pessimism. Sir Richard says that if we cannot see through the form into the meaning, a foreigner less dazzled by externals can; a Japanese student who read our poet concluded: "I think Housman is quite right. We will do no good in dying for our country, but we will be admired and we all want to be admired, and anyway we are better dead." With finality Sir Richard says that the student is right and we are wrong.

Alas for Colby College, Mr. Benét, and me. We all of us have paid our respects to Housman by presenting him as tending Elysian flowers in the same field with Wordsworth and Shelley.

CARL M. SELLE
Marion, Mass.



"I don't care what you say . . . I'm cold!"

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Washington Booklovers FLOCKED to the Statler

. . . for THE WASHINGTON POST'S Second Book and Author Luncheon

Two days in advance, all of the 400 tickets for The Washington Post's Book and Author luncheon in the swank Hotel Statler's Congressional Room were sold out. Washington's booklovers snapped up all available tickets at $2.75 each.

The Capital's large bookreading public again responded to this literary event sponsored by the book paper of the Nation's Capital—The Washington Post.

Through this luncheon The Washington Post enabled local booklovers to meet and hear these modern writers: Louis Bromfield, Margaret Landon, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Mrs. Raymond Clapper. In sponsoring these Book and Author luncheons The Washington Post continues to help stimulate and increase the already great interest in books and authors among residents of the capital of the world.

Because book reading Washington looks to The Washington Post's Book Section as its guide to good reading, book publishers and local book stores have made The Post their number one medium to sell books in this market. That's why book publishers used 138,302 lines of black and white advertising in The Washington Post during 1945—twice as much as they used in all three other Washington newspapers combined. On-the-scene local book retailers also found The Washington Post a profitable producer of book sales. In 1945 they used 54,589 lines in The Washington Post—more than twice the total they used in all other Washington newspapers.

The response of Washington Post readers to its Book and Author luncheons and to the advertising in its Book Section is another example of the influence and power of The Washington Post in the Nation's Capital.

The Washington Post

EUGENE MEYER — Editor and Publisher

Represented by: OSBORN, SCOLARO, MEEKER & CO. — GEORGE D. CLOSE, INC. (Pacific Coast)

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So the President said to the

A NEW, fascinating book has just been published that only one man in the world could have written. The book: *Starling of the White House*. The man: Colonel E. W. Starling, the Secret Service man whose assignment was: "Never let the President out of your sight."

Faithful to his charge, Starling participated—*whether they liked it or not*—in the private lives of five Presidents: Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, and F.D.R. From this record of a Kentucky-bred boy who could never get accustomed to city life, you will get an entirely new slant on the men who have sat in the mightiest seat in the land (sometimes, we discover, in ill-fitting long underwear) during the past quarter-century. There are 328 revealing pages that take you behind the scenes in recent history and tell you the only thing about great events that's really worth knowing: what the man was thinking about while he was changing the course of history.

Take for example the time Woodrow Wilson signed the World War I proclamation:

He sat down at the head Usher's desk in a White House corridor.

"Give me a pen," he said.

"Use this one," Mrs. Wilson said.

She handed him a gold fountain pen, a gift to her from him.

"Stand by me, Edith," he asked.

By her stood Miss Bones. Directly behind the chair stood Rudolph Forster. I was at the President's left elbow. By me stood Ike Hoover, holding a blotter. Carefully the President read the tragic document, his jaw set, his countenance grim. Then, with a firm, unhesitating hand he wrote "Woodrow Wilson."

Now about the mysterious Colonel House, sometimes called "Mr. Wilson's brains":

From the time of our second arrival in Paris the President had little use for Colonel House's opinions or advice. The disillusion and sorrow he experienced after talking with the Colonel at Brest turned slowly into an icy contempt, which was obvious to anybody well acquainted with the Wilsonian character.

And how was the American delegation treated at the signing of the Versailles treaty?

"I am an American," says Starling to a pompous French diplomat, "and I am damned sick and tired of the way we Americans have been treated over here. I am a member of the Secret Service and it is my job to watch the President. That's why I am here and that's what I intend to do, and I don't intend to let any snivelling little pipsqueak in a hired suit interfere with me. Now you get the hell out of here and let me alone or I will break you into pieces and hand you around for souvenirs!"

* * * * * * *

Of Harding Starling reveals:

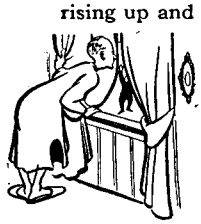
He was the kindest man I ever knew. But he was weak and he trusted everyone . . . Harding was ruined by his friends, just as Wilson was ruined by his enemies. But the main point is that he should never have been the President of the United States.

The Harding poker games:

The stakes were modest, since these men played purely for the sport of it. How could Andy Mellon, for instance, get a kick out of winning money in a poker game?

Finally came Harding's death in San Francisco and the long trip back to Washington:

Sometimes it was the middle of the night when we crept slowly into a station, the bell of our locomotive clanging dolefully. From either side of us out of the misty night would come the flicker of white garments, then the low, rolling tones of thousands of men softly singing "Lead Kindly Light" or "Nearer My God To Thee." Across the breadth of the continent there seemed to be no sound but the beating of our bell and the voices, rising up and washing over the train like a tide.



Starling and Coolidge became devoted friends:

On awakening in the morning he would walk across the upstairs hallway to the Lincoln room in his long nightgown and slippers. There he would peek out the window to see whether I was on the lawn. I stood there each morning taking my setting up exercises while waiting for him.

When we returned from our afternoon walks he would take me to the butler's pantry and make two sandwiches of Vermont cheese, one for himself and one for me. The cheese was as strong as a billygoat. One day he said to me, "I'll bet no other President of the United States ever made cheese sandwiches for you."

"No," I said. "It is a great honor."

He added gloomily: "I have to furnish the cheese too."

While he changed his clothes I looked through the new *Collier's* we had just bought.

"I gave somebody a dime one afternoon to buy a *Collier's* and I didn't get my nickel back," he said.

"It wasn't I," I said.

"I don't know who it was," he said, "but somebody owes me a nickel."

"I don't owe you a nickel," I said.

"I didn't say you did," he said. "I don't know who he was, but he didn't give me back my nickel."

"Well," I said, "it wasn't I."

"Well," he said, "I'm not going to do anything about it. But he kept my nickel. He didn't give it back to me."

At election time Coolidge was unexcitable:

The President was not greatly perturbed about the inauguration. A few days before it happened I found him in the basement putting a black cat in a crate with a rooster, just to see what would happen.

Coolidge learns to relax:

I could see what he was thinking—just because he was President of the United States he believed he could get on a horse and miraculously be able to ride. (They all do. They think the title of President is a magic wand which changes them into great horsemen, great fishermen, great hunters, etc.)

But withal it was a prosperous era and Coolidge could remain reasonably untroubled.

One day a friend sent me two rock bass, still alive. I sent them up to the President. I expected him to send them to the kitchen to have them served for supper. The next morning he said to me:

"I put my little fishes in my bathtub and they swam around all night. One of them hopped out while I was asleep and Mrs. Coolidge had to come and pick him up in a newspaper and put him back."

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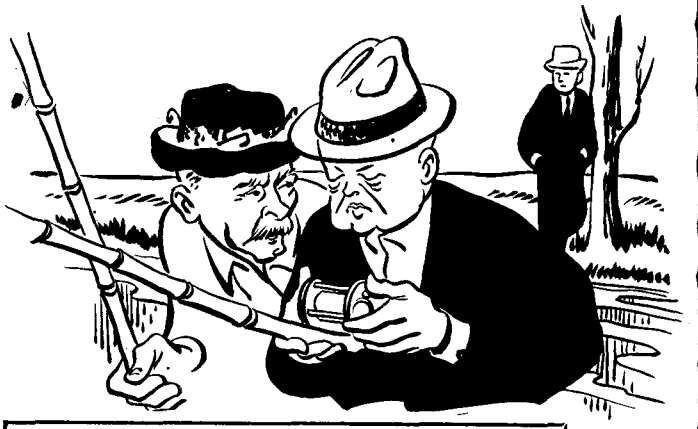
Prime Minister . . .



Mr. Hoover's situation was different:

As a fisherman the President knew what he was doing when trolling from a boat or fishing downstream with a wet fly. When it came to casting upstream with a dry fly he was out of his class, but so was every other President I have seen attempt this difficult feat. As the years went by and the depression came, President Hoover grew nervous. His hands would tremble as he worked with his tackle. I have seen him catch a fishhook in his trousers, his coat, and then in his hat. It was odd to see this, for he looked like a man without a nerve in his body.

He was so efficient, Starling reports, that things sometimes got all snarled up in efficiency:

A Congressman sent a huge Maine salmon to the White House by messenger, intending to come by later to be photographed with the fish and the President. Meanwhile efficiency, working at a mad clip, shuttled the fish to the White House kitchen, where its head was removed and it was set aside to be prepared for cooking. All was chaos. The Congressman wondered what he would say to the folks back home. I felt so sorry for him that I decided to make an attempt at saving the situation. I got a needle and thread and sewed the head back on the fish's body. The picture was taken and Maine did not go Democratic for three years.

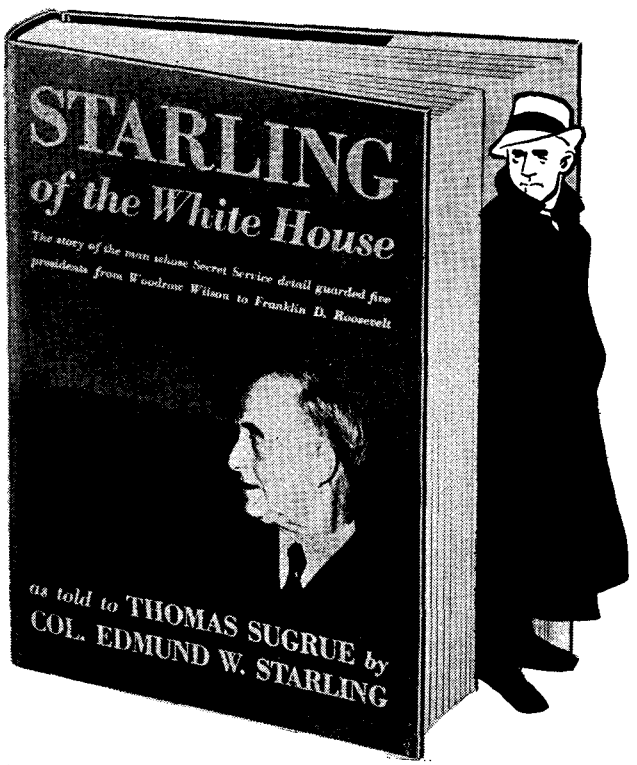
Starling took Mr. Hoover to Union Station:

The White House had been transformed during my absence into a gay place, full of people who oozed confidence and seemed unaware that anything was wrong with the United States. The President was the most happy and confident of them all.

"Well," I said as I shook hands with him, "you never can tell who's going to turn up in the White House.

F. D. R. ignored the safety Starling was charged to maintain. So he let loose:

"I couldn't help overhearing Colonel Starling's plain talk to you, Franklin," said Mrs. Roosevelt. "I endorse everything he said. I think it is only fair for you to promise him that you will adhere rigidly in the future to the itineraries he approves."


STARLING
of the White House
The story of the man whose Secret Service detail guarded five presidents from Woodrow Wilson to Franklin D. Roosevelt
as told to THOMAS SUGRUE by
COL. EDMUND W. STARLING

Prime Minister MacDonald: *"That man can hear what we are saying. Hadn't you better tell him to go away?"*

President Hoover: *"He won't go."*

Prime Minister MacDonald: *"Who is he?"*

President Hoover: *"He's a Secret Service man. He has to watch me."*

Remember that sign outside the Hyde Park estate?

One day as we drove into the Hyde Park estate I noticed a sign which read: FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL LIBRARY. When we stopped at the house I ran ahead and asked the President whether he had noticed it.

"No," he said, "but Miss LeHand did. What did it say?" I told him. He looked at me gravely.

"I may be dead," he said, "but I haven't been officially notified yet. How long will it take to get that sign down."

There were White House visitors—some important and some just . . . well, for example, the little old lady who would see "no one but the President himself":

"You know," she said after a while, "I wasn't going to tell my secret to anyone but the President, but you have been so sweet—and you're practically a cousin—that I will confide in you. This is the situation: I am engaged to marry the Prince of Wales. The wedding will take place soon. I want the President to know about it so that he can invite me to all the social functions at the White House. Then I will be known to the proper people and when the announcement is made he can make me the guest of honor. If he does not do this the British Government will be embarrassed and it may cause trouble between the two countries."

STARLING
OF THE WHITE HOUSE
as told to
THOMAS SUGRUE
by COL. EDMUND W. STARLING

$3.00, At all bookstores
SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

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TRADE Winds

THE CONTROVERSY over book fairs continues hot and heavy, with protectors of the fair name of Texas waxing particularly hot under the collar over what they erroneously construed as an attempt on my part to belittle the recent gala in Dallas. W. E. Woodward, for instance, writes: "You would have been astonished at the interest displayed by the whole population of the city. . . . I wish the publishing business as a whole would study the Dallas fair in detail and try to reproduce it in cities all over the country."

The fact is that the "cities all over the country" aren't waiting for the publishing business to do anything about it all. They are going ahead on their own. Atlanta, Pasadena, Hartford, and New Orleans are planning book fairs at this very moment. It may prove feasible soon to assemble a troupe of trained authors and plan a road tour for them in the Ringling Circus tradition.

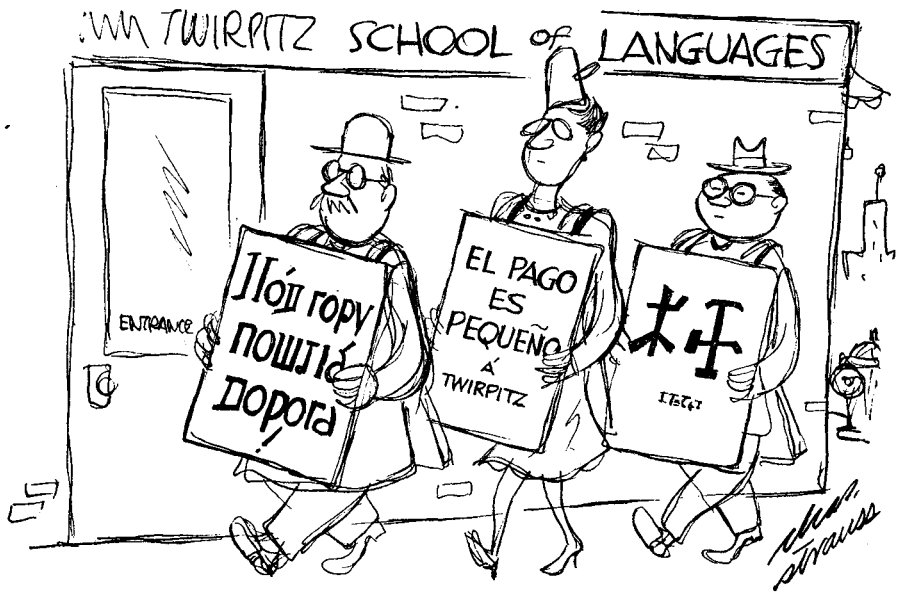
I wish the fairs well. I'd even like to attend one or two of them myself. You will never convince me that the same amount of effort couldn't accomplish more in different directions for the cause of true literature, but, if it's fairs they want, let's have them. Let's also be sure, however, that the sponsors assume their full share of responsibility and do not place too much of the burden of time and expense on the publishers.

The publishers' responsibility should be limited to sending consignments of books to the fairs for display purposes and placing generous advertisements in the special sections that the sponsoring newspapers very properly whip up for the occasion. That extra advertising revenue, plus the prestige accruing to the sponsors, should be sufficient incentive to make them take full responsibility for (1) persuading eligible authors to make the trip, (2) securing and paying for all travel and hotel accommodations, and (3) offering the authors at least a fraction of the fee they can—and do—get from regularly established agencies for lecturing in public. If an author volunteers to appear for nothing at a book fair it is one thing, but for a publisher to take the time and trouble to cajole him into doing it is another. The author must be given to understand, too, that he is appearing in the interest of books in general and not necessarily his own; I still insist that all the personal appearances in the world will not appreciably increase the sale of a book doomed to failure, and that a natural best-seller doesn't need them.

Publishers, and their publicity and advertising heads, have troubles enough doing justice to all the books on their lists, particularly now, when the end of paper rationing is releasing a flood of projects postponed through the war years. They are already devoting too much time to obvious leaders and too little to often infinitely worthier items that lack big sales possibilities. Sponsors of the fairs, of course, must have those obvious leaders, or the crowds won't come. It should be their job to get them. If book fairs are going to make publishers spend still more of their time on best-sellers at the expense of the balance of their lists, they will do more damage than good. . . .

LITERARY FOLK who must commute between New York and Hollywood, and who are willing to leave jet-propelled planes to Dick Tracy, will be cheered by the news that the railroads have at long last gotten round to discussing through sleeping-car service from coast-to-coast. A formal announcement is expected before summer. . . . Leo Guild tells the story of two ushers who were arguing loudly in the lobby of an ostentatious movie palace. The house manager interrupted them with an indignant "Gentlemen, remember you are in uniform!" Guild also clipped a headline from *Editor and Publisher* that proclaimed "Motorman Well Autopsy Reveals." . . . On the subject of names on the land, A. S. Campbell suggests that you visit Noaz, Ark.; Vita, Minn.; Squee, Mich.; and Fiven, Tenn. Well, Gofya, Kan. . . . Myrtle Cherryman says she keeps her loose dollars in a copy of Dante's "Inferno," thereby being always in a position to answer her own querulous "Now where in hell did I put that money?" . . . Dodd Mead's new Red Badge Mystery award, "Hangman's Hill," sounds like the best of the string. Also recommended in this category: Hilda Lawrence's "The Pavilion," and, of course, Charlotte Armstrong's "The Unsuspected." . . .

EUGENE O'NEILL, back in the East for good, has completed three new plays, and at least two of them will be produced and published before the year is over. The first of the plays, "The Iceman Cometh," is an action-packed drama laid in a waterfront saloon, the "Iceman" of the title being Death. We have had a copy in the Random House safe for three years, guarded so closely that not even our staff knew it was there. I consider it one of O'Neill's greatest plays. The second, "A Touch of the Poet," is a play of romantic disenchantment, circa 1828. The third, "A Moon for the Misbegotten," is a tragi-comedy about an Irish family in New England; it probably will be held over for the 1947 season. Mr. O'Neill has not been represented on Broadway since 1934, when "Ah, Wilderness" and "Days Without End" were appearing simultaneously. In book form, his dramas have outsold those of all other American playwrights by a tremendous margin. "Strange Interlude" reached the 125,000 mark, and "Mourning Becomes Electra" exceeded 80,000. . . .



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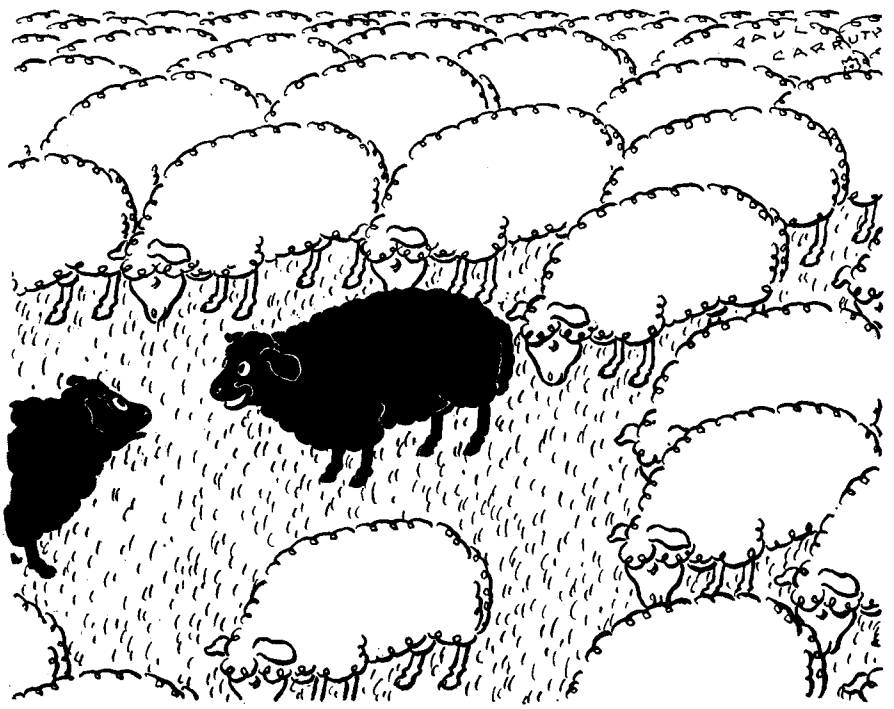

"My, I'm glad you've come. . . . I felt so conspicuous."

S. L. LESCH, of the *Wall Street Journal,* expects me to be gullible enough to fall for his solemn assurance that a mouse nibbled two pages of a copy of "Stuart Little" in the new Putnam Bookshop on East 57th Street. . . . Frank Taylor, spry V. P. of Reynal and Hitchcock, plans to hunt literary talent in Russia IF he can promote a visa. . . . Little, Brown expect to publish C. S. Forester's "Lord Hornblower" and Helen MacInnes's "Horizon" on the same day—May 23. . . . Yale Professor Griswold thinks "The Manatee" should be renamed "Forever Ambergris." . . . Joe Greenberg forgot to include one of his leading back-list items in his new spring catalogue. The title of the book was "How to Remember." . . .

A MEMBER OF the Baker Street Irregulars declared confidently at the clan's annual meeting that good old Sherlock Holmes could find anything. "Hmpf," grumbled a more skeptical brother. "I'd like to see the old coot find an apartment in New York today."

A young couple I know had their own way of tackling this problem. They read an ad in the classified columns of *The Times* at seven one morning, actually proclaiming a vacancy at 55 East 83rd Street. Hurriedly gulping a cup of coffee, they dashed for the scene of the miracle only to discover (1) six couples there before them and (2) an indignant janitor repeating, "There hasn't been an empty apartment in this building for a year. Some fool must have done this for a practical joke." The young wife, a resourceful girl, had a sudden thought. She whispered into her husband's ear, "This just could be a typographical error. Maybe the ad should have read '55 *West* 83rd Street.'" They grabbed a taxi, found the empty apartment, and had moved in their things before another soul came round to investigate. . . .

Holger Lundbergh reports an experience of another pair of love birds who were expecting the arrival of their first-born. Because he is a writer whose name is a household word to popular magazine readers, the husband managed to have a telephone installed in their apartment. Two days after the birth of their child was announced in the papers, there was a ring on the precious instrument, and a man who introduced himself as a vice-president of the telephone company asked, "How is the baby boy?" "Splendid," said the happy father. "He weighs almost eight pounds." Everything is all right then," said the v.p. "Fine, fine," agreed the father, "and how nice it was of you to remember." "Who said big corporations are impersonal, and have no soul?" he demanded of his wife. "You'll notice that an important officer of the phone company wasn't too busy to inquire about our baby. By George, I'm going to write a piece about it."

He felt differently, however, when they yanked his phone out the next morning. "It's orders," explained the workman. "We understand the emergency has passed."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

IT'S awful what happens when you try to be explicit. You tell the waiter you want cherry pie, he says, tortoni? You say, no, cherry pie. He says, cherry pie, you want one cherry pie. And with great care he sets before you, complete with ruffle, tortoni. It's the same in publishing. MAX SHULMAN writes my column, signs his name to it. Somebody scratches his hair and the name MAX SHULMAN, substituting my name. Everybody who reads the column thinks I'm being extra clever. Please, dear reader, SHULMAN wrote the SHULMAN copy about SHULMAN'S book, **The Zebra Derby.**

* * * * *

The same sort of thing happened with ILKA CHASE'S **I Love Miss Tilli Bean.** A proof reader, three editors, an ad man, and Miss CHASE all read the flap copy which stated that that novel begins in Pennsylvania. It begins in New Jersey, if the truth were known, but like the tortoni, it got through.

If we civilians don't know any more about how to deal with these things, then how can we possibly expect the late soldier to learn **How To Be A Civilian.**

There is a prevalent notion that humor books today are and have to be "screwball." Like all current humorists, MORTON THOMPSON is called "screwball." According to *The American Thesaurus of Slang,* screwball is listed under the headings: Peculiar or Eccentric Person, Insane Person, Swing Musician, Syncopated, Curve Thrower, and as a term of disparagement. Clearly THOMPSON is few of these. If he is insane, we might say that he is crazy like a Perelman.

Nor must current humor be screwball. A successful humorist is simply a person who can juxtapose facts and details in so unusual, so unhumdrum a way as to strike the reader's sense of coincidence or risibility. THOMPSON in the words of Professor E. Z. Define, is a "leader in the struggle to debanalize existence." Does this make him a swing musician, a curve-thrower, does it make him syncopated?

Clearly not.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING

IN his tiny office off the balcony in the Plymouth Theatre, Arthur Hopkins was talking to the *Herald Tribune's* Lucius Beebe. Although what Mr. Beebe wore remains undisclosed, I am glad Mr. Beebe did report what Mr. Hopkins said. The subject of their conversation was "The Magnificent Yankee,"* a play about that resolute and radiant dissenter, Mr. Justice Holmes, which Mr. Hopkins had recently presented at the Royale next door.

"We are living in extraordinarily cynical and unsympathetic times," said Mr. Hopkins, "so I produced the Holmes play as a sort of gesture of faith, and a symbol of loyalties and kindnesses which are, momentarily, at a great discount in the world. I regard 'The Magnificent Yankee' as a great deal more than entertainment. It is a permanent and abiding enrichment to many people who see it. It is, I feel, like a good friendship, well worth the investment of time, money, and labor that has gone into it. If it didn't sell a seat for a single performance after tonight, I'd still be very proud of it."

More than seeing Mr. Hopkins's point, I must admit I share his opinion. I don't blame him for being proud of "The Magnificent Yankee." I am almost as pleased as he must be to discover that, far from being a failure, Emmet Lavery's biographical drama promises to be a success of no ordinary kind. Any production including two performances as excellent as those given by Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish as Mr. Justice Holmes and Mrs. Holmes would offer a producer sufficient excuses for pride. Yet the final reasons for the pride which both playgoers and Mr. Hopkins may take in "The Magnificent Yankee" lie beyond mere theatrical considerations.

What comes across the footlights at the Royale is warm, uncommon, and welcome. It is something our stage seldom offers, because most Broadway producers have no comprehension of it. It is something which has to do with what is best in our national heritage; something which reaffirms our belief in the decencies of decent individuals. It involves hopes, standards, and emotions which most of us have long known without bothering or quite daring to phrase, and which even now we find it easier merely to feel.

Admirable as are the acting opportunities it provides its principal players, Mr. Lavery's drama is not dramatic in the ordinary sense of the word. It dodges drama, in the showshops' understanding of the term, as scrupulously as a vestryman is supposed to avoid scandal. It turns its back on the more highly charged episodes in Holmes's own career. In their place it deals chronologically with thirty-one autumnal years in his long, long life. These were years which, though they touched upon great events, were in themselves eventless. It goes its way on as level a keel as a river barge, with conscience and contentment as its cargo. It shoots no rapids. Instead, it flows serenely down the great troubled waters of our emerging history, all but unrocked by the waves encountered there.

"The Magnificent Yankee" is a success story in which the success is never in doubt. It approaches national issues in fireside terms, revealing the life of an outstanding jurist not as the nation knew him on the bench but as he was known to his wife at home. Above all, it is the saga of a happy marriage; of two people, prosperous, cultivated, wise, and good, who, as if these were not enough marks against it theatrically, just happen to be (oh, taboo of taboos) a lady and a gentleman, subject to the code and manners of their class.

Now virtue, though commendable in playgoers, is seldom its own reward behind the footlights. At least so far as our interest goes. Of course, by common convention it pays off in the last act. Yet the moment at which it declares its dividend is an accepted symbol that the play is over; that the action has run out; that there will be no sequel until virtue is once again in jeopardy.

As characters, the untempted good can usually claim a dulness equalled only by the excitements of the sulphurous. Among the good people who clutter up the stage, none are apt to be more deadly than those contented home-bodies whose respectability is such that they have exiled all drama from their lives. Audiences tend to find transgressors, if not sinners, more interesting than saints, unless the saints (as is their way, if they are real) have reached sainthood only after conquering what is mortal in them. From a dramatist's point of view the Byrons of this world are easier to write about than the Robert E. Lees.

We bring different standards to our judgment of dramatic characters from those we do to the men and women in whose company we elect to find ourselves in life. Never faced with the problem of whether we will have to entertain them, we demand only that they entertain us. The comic characters who delight us most are those who behave, not as we have ourselves behaved or would dare to, but as in our dreams we would perhaps like to. The great characters we dote upon in tragedy would make uncomfortable friends. It is the largeness of their minds and spirits we admire, rather than their habits that we envy. Most of them are people who have dabbled in matricide, patricide, infanticide, regicide; indeed, in nearly every form of slaughter save insecticide. We never think of the number of murders for which Hamlet is responsible. We think only of his noble mind and troubled spirit.

In "The Magnificent Yankee" Mr. Lavery refuses to rouge life to make it interesting. He dares to take happiness as his theme and manages to make it both compelling and moving. In his biographical drama the virtues

—*Lucas-Pritchard*

"What comes across the footlights is warm, uncommon, and welcome . . . something our stage rarely offers."

* THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE, a play by Emmet Lavery. Presented by Arthur Hopkins. Settings and costumes by Woodman Thompson. Directed by Mr. Hopkins. With a cast including Louis Calhern, Dorothy Gish, Fleming Ward, Sherling Oliver, Edgar Barrier, and others. At the Royale Theatre.

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BUY BONDS
and
HOLD THEM

—the high virtues of the Holmeses—become rich in their own playgoing rewards. Mr. Lavery introduces us to characters we would like to have known, and upon whom we wish we could model ourselves.

His writing suffers, particularly in its introductory moments, from his attempts to unload too much homework at once. Thereafter it has its awkward interludes when the script can be heard huffing and puffing, as biographical dramas frequently have to huff and puff to squeeze in their historical details. It has its lesser characters, too, as straight out of Madame Tussaud's as is its Mr. Justice Brandeis. But do not be fooled by this catalogue of the pedestrian aspects or quiescent qualities of "The Magnificent Yankee." Mr. Lavery's is a minor play with major implications. What it lacks in the routine stuffs of drama is precisely what makes it touching, endearing, even ennobling. Without waving any bunting or relying on the blare of brass bands, it succeeds in being a patriotic play. It is patriotic in the finest sense, inasmuch as it makes us proud of what is most cultured, tolerant, and progressive in our democratic inheritance.

Becalmed as is its mood, there is plenty of action in "The Magnificent Yankee"—action not only in the sense of social progress as the years unroll, and one administration follows another in Washington—but action in terms of the human threat known to all happy couples. Outside the Georgetown house of the Holmeses skulks Time. He is the unseen villain of the piece. The security of the Holmeses is only an illusion. That they are exceptional does not keep them from being average. Their bliss, though seemingly undisturbed, is increasingly imperiled. The passing years see to this. The Holmeses cannot shut their door against death. They cannot escape old age and that separation which, in their case, is the more poignant because their lives have been merged. The longer their minds and spirits outrun the present, the more certain it is that the present will overtake their bodies.

This sense of time at the ebbtide is felt through the whole cheering course of "The Magnificent Yankee." To each of the play's seven scenes it gives that double meaning which in our daily living we try not to hear, and which, on those occasions when it does make itself audible, we pretend not to have heard. It is, moreover, superlatively well caught in the performances both of Miss Gish and Mr. Calhern.

Most actors who had played Vinnie

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and the elder Day as well as these two played them would have been content to borrow from their earlier characterizations. Unquestionably the Holmeses share certain traits with the Days. Yet Miss Gish and Mr. Calhern act them as if they had never seen "Life with Father." Theirs is a completely fresh start.

Miss Gish's Mrs. Holmes is as charming as she is spirited. She is a Boston lady the Autocrat would have welcomed to his breakfast table, and to whom the late George Apley would have been proud to doff his hat. Mr. Calhern's may seem to some to be the easier task if for no other reason than that he can rely the more heavily upon his make-up box. His Mr. Justice Holmes, however, is no creation of the wigmakers. Although his hair may whiten and his mustache may bleach and broaden, his increasing age is expressed from within no less than from without. In voice, stance, and gesture he indicates the accumulating years. We believe in his wisdom, respond to his gaiety, and are made aware of the Olympian who lurks in the human being. Mr. Calhern does not act the old man of stage tradition. His is the harder assignment of playing the man who, though old in body, remains young in spirit to the end. His is one of the season's outstanding performances.

I, for one, could wish that several things were different here and there in "The Magnificent Yankee"; that the pace, for example, were more varied; or that Woodman Thompson's library setting, with its badly painted books, were less stock company than it is. But to me these flaws did not really matter. There was that candle in Nerissa's garden. It is the same one Mr. Hopkins must have borrowed and which now shines at the Royale.

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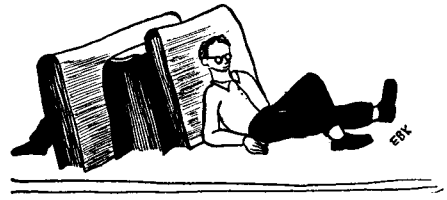
The Heritage of Sainthood

THE SAINTS THAT MOVED THE WORLD. By René Fülöp-Miller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1945. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE heritage of sainthood" is an important and difficult theme. Mr. Fülöp-Miller, who once popularized the history of the Society of Jesus, believes that it can be dealt with specifically "for modern readers." I shall confess that his foreword expounding this conviction and outlining the logic which has persuaded an important group of contemporary intellectuals to reaffirm their religious beliefs almost convinced me that the author's sketches of five saints who "moved the world" would be rather dull. But they are not. Instead they are surprisingly good short biographies, honestly concerned with portraying the saints rather than the man who writes about them. They vary in quality — the chapter on Saint Francis is much better than that on Saint Augustine—but they have virtue both as histories and as essays.

Francis of Assisi has often been discussed, but seldom well. Mr. Fülöp-Miller's hundred-odd pages not only make the Poverello come alive but suggest his proper niche in Christian history. The art of building a biography around moments of inner decision has seldom been more skilfully practised, but even more important is one's constant sense that the author has lived with his subject and come to love him. Francis is a "homely little man" who sets the world of man on fire. As you read, you see both the man and the fire. Perhaps there may be something a bit factitious about the art essay which Mr. Fülöp-Miller injects, but even it is commendable. Preaching to the birds at Alviano, Francis brought the whole realm of nature into religious art. No man has ever used figures of speech more creatively. Later on culture succumbed to the temptation of taking nature away from faith, but it has ever since been haunted by the desire to return what it was given.



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The other four saints are Augustine, Anthony, Ignatius, and Theresa. They have always been the favorites of artists, and Mr. Fülöp-Miller sometimes caters excessively to his knowledge of that fact. Nevertheless his essay on St. Anthony, despite the excursions into lore about Flaubert and Anatole France, is a very competent bit of hagiobiography. In writing of Saint Theresa, the author has fortified himself with psychology but has wisely refrained from citing its learned jargon. The portrait of Loyola is, like almost all good biographies of the Founder of the Jesuits, anecdotal. But in this case the incidents are painstakingly correlated; and having been over the terrain before, Mr. Fülöp-Miller has no difficulty in being quite at home. Personally I have always thought that "will power" has bulked too large in lives of Saint Ignatius. All the saints are people who made up their minds and clenched their teeth. Ignatius is singular only in his method of helping others make up theirs. Here Mr. Fülöp-Miller is not as original and incisive as he is elsewhere, but he is first-rate.

This book has unity in spite of its five subjects. It is very readable, extremely well informed, and commendable except for its title, its cover, and its frontispiece. This triad of faults should, however, dissuade no one from enjoying the pleasure of the author's company.

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Sohrab and Rustum," by Matthew Arnold.
2. The rats, in "The Pied Piper," by Browning.
3. "Shake, Mulleary, and Go-ethe," by H. C. Bunner.
4. "The Walrus and the Carpenter," by Lewis Carroll.
5. The cows, in "Little Boy Blue," by Guy Wetmore Carryl.
6. The dead crew, in "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge.
7. The refugees from "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith.
8. The rude forefathers, in "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," by Gray.
9. The Pilgrims, in "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," by Felicia Hemans.
10. Porphyro and Madeline, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats.
11. "The Owl and the Pussycat," by Edward Lear.
12. "The Three Kings," by Longfellow.
13. The redcoats, in "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.
14. The rats, in "God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop," by Robert Southey.
15. Enoch and Annie, in "Enoch Arden," by Tennyson.
16. Daffodils, in "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud," by Wordsworth.

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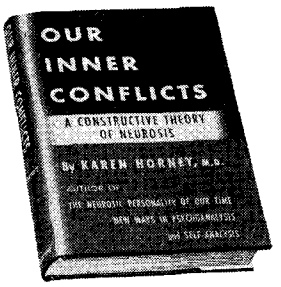

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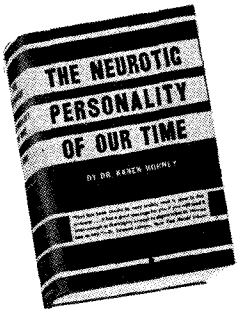

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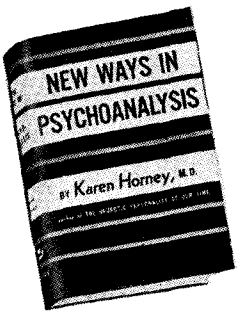

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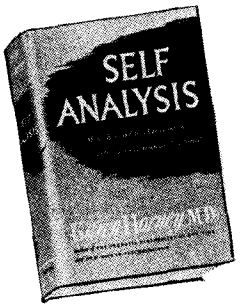

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HARPER & BROTHERS

In a Crashing Bomber

RED RAIN. By Leslie Kark. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 254 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE searchlight man had a runny nose. He took his hands from the wheel to deal with a sneeze and that act accidentally brought into the beam a British bomber, which the next moment was hit and spinning down in flames. What about the crew of the plane? How had their lives prepared them for this ending to life?

Robert Cruickshank had been badly wounded fighting the Arabian rebels and fell in love with a girl in the hospital. David Tetlow encountered the injustice of the world early in life, was very close to his sister, had a basic cowardice which he did not allow to show, a certain amount of talent in the graphic arts. Geoffrey Irons was a college man who had taken up the profession of being a London Bobby, fell in love with an Irish girl he met on a bottle-party raid, so ideally in love that he could no longer take the sights of London under the blitz and had therefore enlisted. Etcetera.

The group was by no means selected for its value in providing antithetical character-patterns; their careers are tied together only by the fact that they died in the crash of the same bomber; in fact the author specifically disclaims any intention of making them represent anything but themselves.

> They were not like any other bomber crew, because no two bomber crews were very similar, but neither were they so unlike any others as to make the difference sharply noticeable . . . On the surface their young lives appeared so neatly closed . . . but the interiors were often a seemingless purposeless tangle, with here a tale hardly begun or only a promise of fulfillment and there a whole jumble of doubt, the tantalizing of an encounter that awaited a sequel.

This is a rather remarkable outline for a book. If it really means what it seems to mean the author is saying that the war was fought by a set of disparate individuals who had nothing in common but the fact that they were caught in the gears of a machine and whose lives were deprived of all significance by that fact. In developing this doctrine of despair Wing Commander Kark has shown skill to a degree that makes the book worthy of some attention. One feels that behind each of the selected incidentals run long corridors of experience and emotion, and if their lives were without meaning except to themselves, they at least had that importance to a considerable degree. But the result in a literary sense is not so much a book as a series of disconnected character sketches about people as remote and mutually uninfluencing as so many Pacific atolls.

Wing Commander Kark has apparently felt this difficulty and also the fact that if the war is purposeless for the individual it must also be for the race which is made up of individuals. He is accordingly driven to the device of having one of his characters (the least fully realized, incidentally) escape from the burning plane via parachute and plunge into a set of adventures that would not have disgraced John Buchan, leading up to the point that, after all, people do fight for something and that something of importance. It is a singular volte-face; and it does a good deal to rescue the book from being merely one more of those examples of journalism in the fictive form of which the war has produced such an abundance.

We Are Not Alone

By Lt. Kermit Roosevelt, U.S.A.

BEYOND the circle of the fire
Amongst the high grass at the water's edge,
In those scrub pines above the trail,
Behind the rocks which guard that ledge,

Within the shattered farmhouse off the road,
Out of the cellars in this famous city,
From those clean clouds, out of the tossing water,
Slit-mouthed, hot-eyed, without pity,

The spearman crouches at your side,
The cave is ringed with man-made flame.
Others were at this task before us,
Before our generation came.

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"If You Think This Is Rough . . ."

THE GREAT PACIFIC VICTORY. By Gilbert Cant. Maps and battle diagrams. New York: The John Day Co. 1946. 422 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HIRSH

IN the latter days of the war in Europe, we would occasionally meet someone who had served earlier in the CBI. To the slightest gripe we might make, his invariable comment would be, "Say, bud, if you think this is rough, you should of seen . . ." Well, next to actually seeing the Pacific war—and Europe was enough for most of us—reading "The Great Pacific Victory" gives a precise enough picture of what it was like out there.

As war editor for the *New York Post* and *Time* magazine, Mr. Cant had many public and some not-so-public documents available to him in the preparation of this book (which is the third he has done on the war). But more important are his tours of duty with our fighting forces. These have engendered a book of vigor and urgency which the academic historians might well note. Cant not only reports but also appraises very humanly the events and the men who shaped them.

Contrasted to the European war where the distances were relatively short and the problems of terrain and opposing armies fairly well understood and appraised, the Pacific war that Cant recounts was alien to us in most of these elements. Distances were great, covering not thousands but tens of thousands of miles, from Guadalcanal to the Aleutians. The terrain ranged from desert beach and impenetrable jungle to mud and mountains and great cities. The enemy—tricky, competent, and hardened—with the preliminaries of China behind him was opposed by armies problemed by lack of experience and supplies.

Against this background, Cant takes us along on the island-hopping campaigns from Guadalcanal to the Russells and New Georgia, a stratagem little understood at the time but dictated by the geography, the short range of our fighting planes, and our limited forces and supplies. From the Solomons, the carrier strikes take us from island-hopping to leap-frogging, a technique of by-passing enemy bases which brought our air forces closer to the Japanese home islands. Rabaul, Tarawa, the Marianas, Iwo, and Okinawa are burning images in these pages. The book ends logically with the surrender of last September.

Interspersed throughout the charge of events, the battles and campaigns, are profiles and portraits of the men, big and little, who planned and participated in them. Some seem overdrawn, but Cant compensates for it in his thoroughly refreshing manner of taking the "brass" to task. Mighties like Admiral King and other "communiqué commanders" are needled

LISTEN, PARTNER—SMILE WHEN YOU CALL ME A
"FETID MUSTELINE MAMMAL, GENUS MEPHITIS"
skunk (skŭngk), n. [< Amer. Ind. segongw, skunk], a small, American mammal (genus Mephitis), usually black with white markings, able at will to eject a liquid of very offensive odor: in the United States, also called polecat: Vulgar, a contemptible person:—v.t. to beat (an opponent, as in cards) so badly that he makes no score.

THE life of a skunk is hard enough without dictionaries throwing big words at him. Even *human beings* find THAT habit pretty exasperating!

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—Karl Shapiro,
N. Y. Herald Tribune.

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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

for reporting islands no longer occupied by the Japanese or already seized, when in fact the bluejackets taking the LCI's and LST's in and the combat infantrymen hitting the beach were being cut to ribbons in the fight for them.

Equally direct is Cant's treatment of the problems of the division in command between the Army and the Navy, the personalities involved, and the resultant slowness in our progress in the early days of the war. This is healthy criticism which all of us may well bear in mind during the ensuing months when the amalgamation of our armed services will become a vital national issue.

Although this story is of necessity heavily weighted on the side of naval operations, there is enough of Army and Marine Corps participation to assuage the most zealous service-minded reader. The "Great Pacific Victory," like the battles themselves, is fast-moving, vigorous writing. With the simple addition of *ibids* and *op cits* it might well serve as an admirable model of competent modern historical reporting.

Pocket Guides to A Lost Continent

THE BRITISH SURVEY HANDBOOKS — Belgium, Rumania, Greece, Hungary, Denmark. Edited by John Eppstein. Maps. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944-45. *Approx.* 100 *pp.* $1.00 *ea.*

Reviewed by DENIS PLIMMER

WARS make the spectacularly transitory seem permanent, and appear to obliterate what is truly lasting. The enormous events which have swept Europe these last dozen years have given the world a perspective wherein the Continent has assumed the sharp unreality of a lighted stage, far removed from the sober continuity of ordinary life. But Europe is not, by nature and always, a scene for melodrama.

To remind us of that, the Cambridge Press has been quietly publishing a series of little, unpretentious handbooks on European countries, prepared by the British Society for International Understanding. So far, five volumes have appeared: handbooks on Belgium, Rumania, and Greece in 1944, and on Hungary and Denmark in 1945.

The volumes, which cover history, economy, topography, and the war years, run to slightly more than one hundred pages each, are just right to slip into an overcoat pocket, and contain unfolding maps of the countries in question. As Mr. Eppstein suggests, they should be "of practical value to students of foreign affairs who are not specialists, and in particular to those whose duties carry them into these countries, whether in a military capacity or as agents of relief."

It seems to me, however, that the British Survey Handbooks are deserving of a wider audience. Written with no attempt to keep pace with the headlines, they are, all the same, sharply aware of changing values. Thus they bridge the gap between the prewar history and the ephemeral journalist's book, dashed off in the heat of conflict, outdated almost as soon as it reaches the bookseller. They fill a public and a special need.

Europe is a lost continent in the sense that outside perspective on it has been distorted by the war. It is not a lost continent in the broader sense that some hundreds of millions of people still live there, work there, propagate their numerous races there, and thus continue a part of civilization. It is easy to say that the Continent's great days are past, but, to be realistic, one must acknowledge that no group of literate beings can be wholly relegated to the past as long as they live and breathe and have commerce with each other. It is wiser to assume that Germany will produce another Beethoven, France another Hugo, than to assume that Europe is a modern Atlantis.

The handbooks, factual and objective, do not draw a bright picture of Europe's future. All the tragedy is there unvarnished, the endless frustrations of boundary disputes, religious differences, wars. But below the turmoil, hope lies in the Continent's pride, its infinite variety, its rich record of artistic, political, scientific, and philosophical accomplishment. The handbooks do not make this point explicitly. They have no need to. It gleams like a spreading light from every page.

In this series, Cambridge and the British Society for International Understanding are performing a service both to the ravaged but still vital Continent and to the rest of us who so often are prone to find in Europe too great a despair, too frail a reed of hope.

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Vermont Without Men

THE SOONER TO SLEEP. By Fredric Van de Water. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1946. 269 pp. $2.50.

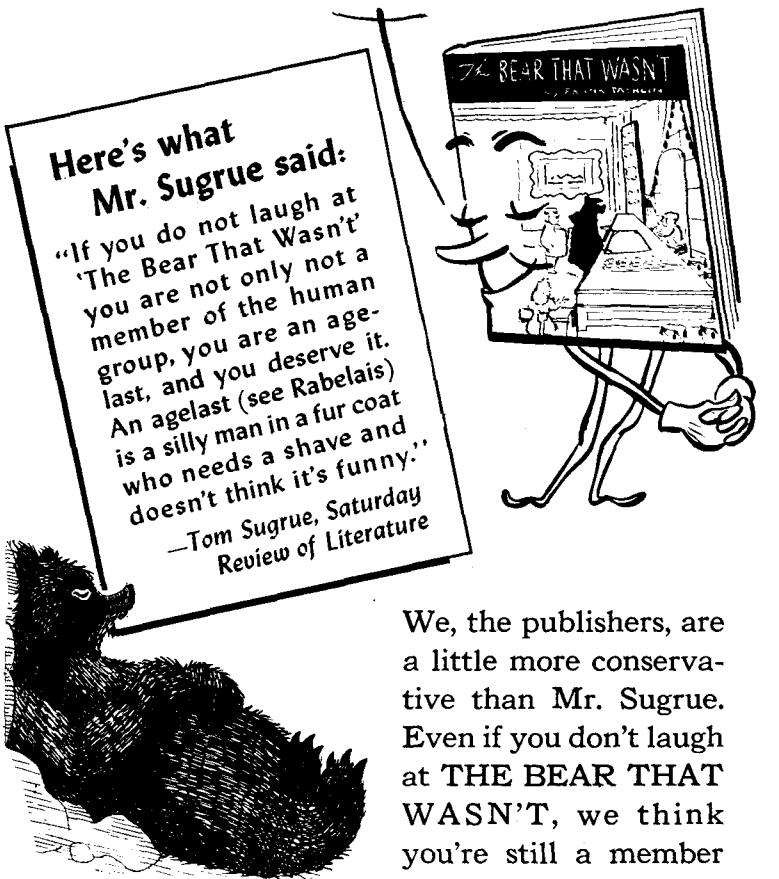
Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. VAN DE WATER has always told whatever tale he has had to tell with a maximum of charm and ingenuity. This is intended to be high praise, and it is certainly intended to convey a sense of the keen pleasure reading this latest of his books has to offer. "The Sooner to Sleep" has no very large axe to grind. It is slight and modest by design, skirting the major preoccupations of this day and devoting itself to what has been for a long time one of their irritant by-products. Suppose you have one of those large ancestral houses in rural New England—Vermont specifically—from which all the men have been drawn by the needs of war, leaving only a family of women, bored, jittery, lonesome for their warriors. It is a situation for simmering weather and small tempests; also it is one in which the interplay of personalities sandpapering one against the other gives off a steady crackling. Mr. Van de Water plays this through in a mood of high good humor; it might have been a study in neuroticism, but he could apparently not see it that way. The only depths here are those of his own perception.

Although we see the Carroll household through the eyes of Juanita Preble—who is there to marry Roger when he gets back from the war—it is not she who holds the center of our attention, but Agatha Carroll, the matriarch of the house. Watching the matchless Agatha go through her paces as the wearied and sacrificial guardian of the clan (she was once an actress and knew how to toss her head, moan "I am tired, tired, tired," and make an exit) is the book's greatest joy. She might have been bludgeoned as a representative of the silver-cord school of mothers, but Mr. Van de Water has handled her far better, I think, impaling her quite painlessly and with obvious affection. Even in her defeat she is magnificently quick on the trigger, and Mr. Van de Water has yielded her the best lines in a witty curtain scene. Indeed she has them throughout the book.

Agatha is not the book's sole source of energy. There is Vera Isherwood, a neighboring poetess and siren, who has to keep her hand in if it is only to operate against an impressionable handy-man, and there is Agatha's brother, the gay Colonel Fife, who drops in upon this maleless Eden for a brief furlough, with all the impact of a stone in a pond. The ripples are something to behold. And there is Vermont back of it all, which you are not likely to forget: the granite faces and the reticent laconicisms lending chorus to the acid comedy.

"Oh, Mr. Sugrue! I bet you say that to all the bears"


Here's what Mr. Sugrue said:
"If you do not laugh at 'The Bear That Wasn't' you are not only not a member of the human group, you are an agelast, and you deserve it. An agelast (see Rabelais) is a silly man in a fur coat who needs a shave and doesn't think it's funny."
—Tom Sugrue, Saturday Review of Literature
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We, the publishers, are a little more conservative than Mr. Sugrue. Even if you don't laugh at THE BEAR THAT WASN'T, we think you're still a member of the human group. You'll just be missing the most reading fun you'll ever get for a dollar and a quarter. And you'll be wondering what people are talking about at dinner tables for quite a while.

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The war is in the background—but safely so. Two of these books have officers on leave solving the deaths which pop up, while the third—well, if *Maggie Harris* hadn't decided to take a war job, *Abbie,* her sister wouldn't have bought the beauty shop and wouldn't have been mixed up in the death of *Rose Norton.*

CALL ME PANDORA brings us again *Abbie Harris,* one of the most delightful personalities in detective fiction. She is a woman of humor, human reactions, and with a propensity to snap-decisions which gets her involved. And AMBER DEAN, the author, also gives us some more of those charming characters, *Mommie* and *Max,* who help enrich her thoroughly delightful book.

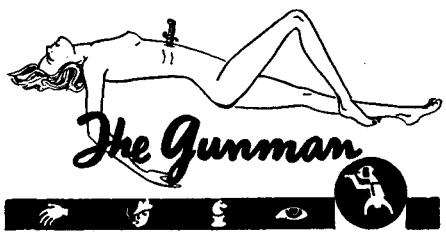
★ ★ ★

Inspector MacCallum with his Gaelic asides, nearly steals the show from *David Stanners,* the officer-on-leave hero of **MONEY ON THE BLACK.** And the author, ALLAN MACKINNON, gives us a first novel that is the peer of most of the mystery story books of the day. There was great money to be made on the black market, and it was filthy business, since it was treasonable as well as criminal. Having been a former Scotland Yard man, *Stanners* was a natural selection to scout around Mayfair for the black marketeers during his holiday. He promptly got himself involved in a juicy murder, and from then on, his leave became messed up with killings and robbery, and *Molly.*

★ ★ ★

The pine barren country of New Jersey is about as remote from wartime London as you could get. But another officer-on-leave runs into mystery and murder in that locale. **BARREN HERITAGE** makes the most of its author's familiarity with the countryside to recreate authentic atmosphere through which *Cecily Wayne* moves in mounting terror. *Capt. Westcoat,* who helps her and solves the deaths, incidentally, finds an unscheduled romance. LAVINIA DAVIS does a splendid job with a smoothly written plot and two interesting characterizations in *Edith* and *Walt Lathrop.*

So, take your choice, ladies and gentlemen: death among beauticians, black-marketeers, or the pineys—but its death!



Through Romantic Mists of Time

TWILIGHT ON THE DANUBE. By F. C. Weiskopf. Translated by Olga Marx. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 433 pp. $3.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY

ONE consequence of the war is the production of a large literature-in-exile, written in the continental European languages and first set before the reading public in English translation. These refugee books are in the main uninfluenced by the current stream of Anglo-Saxon writing. The authors have continued to write as they might have in Paris or Berlin or Prague had the Nazis never laid hands on the free pens and printing presses of Europe. Naturally many of these books are nostalgic in tone. Though they note the historical lessons implicit in the long process of decay in Europe since 1914, they also tend to view the ruins of European culture with regret and longing for the past. In few cases does the putative brave new world (if any) appeal to the authors more than the bad but familiar old one.

Mr. Weiskopf's new novel, begun in Bohemia in 1938, carried on in France, and finally completed and published in the United States, is a particularly good example of refugee fiction. Unlike "The Firing Squad," which was spare and forceful and had immediate significance, "Twilight on the Danube" shows pre-Serajevo Prague and Vienna through romantic mists of time. The Austro-Hungarian monarchy might be giving way at every seam, the Balkan cauldron might be boiling over with increasing frequency, and the feminists might raise their heads in every home and the "anarchists" in every factory, but life still went on in the familiar patterns set in Maria Theresa's day, with humor and comfort and baroque charm neatly mingled to yield a savory way of life. A publisher like Mr. Weiskopf's Alexander Reither could still pursue an almost embarrassingly Wiener-Schnitzlerian love affair unimpeded by the impending dissolution of his country.

The book is a large, sprawling affair, originally designed as the first of a group of novels covering the period between 1912 and 1939 in Austria. (Mr. Weiskopf does not say that he still means to write the others, and it is to be noted that "The Firing Squad" was written before this book was finished.) It is sometimes too full of sentiment to present a fully balanced picture of life in Central Europe before the First World War. Weiskopf makes even the decay seem attractive at times, unlike Joseph Roth, who probed more deeply into the malady which eventually brought low the Hapsburg empire. Yet technically and as sheer story there is much to be said for the book. The many characters of the complicated plot are manipulated with easy mastery. The author's irony and flexibility of thought keep the book from ever becoming *langweilig,* though the superficiality of many of the people and scenes in the end is cloying. The translation in spite of some rocky passages moves briskly ahead most of the time, which is a considerable accomplishment in view of Weiskopf's often involved style.

It does not seem likely that "Twilight on the Danube" will rank as one of the author's best books. Certainly it lacks the emotional restraint and realism which made "The Firing Squad" so notable. Yet it demonstrates clearly that Weiskopf is one of the leading Continental novelists in America today.

The Cromlech

By Starr Nelson

WHEN wingèd archeologists overturn
Huge blocks of time, and their mortality prize
From a dead planet, what feather-trace of fern
Tells where the cooled and tranquil body lies?
And yet an incandescent cromlech stands
There in the great glassy bubble where the sensual floss
Wove the wild-roses in these outflung hands,
Wove under these limbs the sweet Monadnock moss,—
Wove of your lips that bruise and mine that burn
The electric blood and hungry silver bones
Crying in those mad angels who return
To these strange shapes of roses and of stones—
Who in the ancient crucible will find
Their ecstasy and ashes intertwined.

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Christ's Last Days on Earth

THE LANCE OF LONGINUS. By Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1946. 166 pp. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

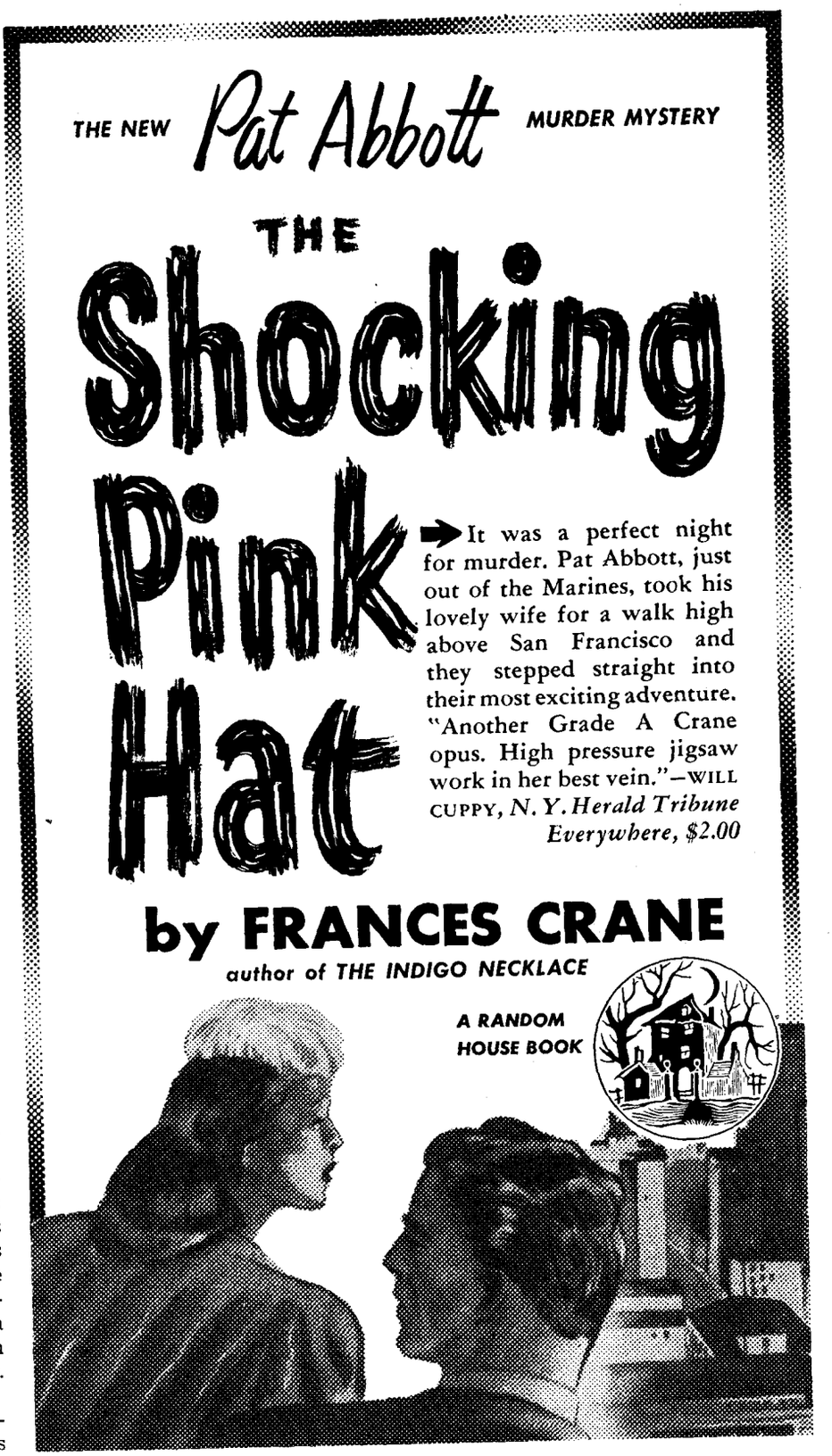
PRINCE zu Loewenstein is a learned historian, but he is also a devout Catholic. Engaged, since he came to this country about ten years ago, in politico-historical studies, he now has felt the temptation to contribute to the growing bulk of religious fiction. Both his scholarship and the sincerity of his faith seem to single him out for retelling in his own language the eternal story of Christ's last days on earth.

He sees it through the eyes of Longinus, a loyal Roman centurion, who is fully aware of the world-wide significance of what happens in and around the Temple of Jerusalem. The memory of his father, who gave his life in Rome's fight against Jewish zealotism, has made him deeply sensi-

tive to the conflict whose climax he is called upon to witness. Proud though he is of his Roman citizenship and the Roman way of life, he yet cannot close his eyes to the spiritual reasons for the Palestinian disorders. He is an educated man, has read his Virgil, and has come (as only ages to be would do) to interpret the Fourth Eclogue as a Messianic message. When Pilate tries to shift the weight of his responsibility, and wants Longinus to pronounce the final sentence against Jesus of Nazareth, Longinus places his conscience, or rather his conscientious doubts, above his loyalty to the emperor.

Longinus is imprisoned for his disobedience, though more to fortify his own waning trust in traditional values than to please the authorities, he has of his own will tried to prevent the prophesied resurrection of the crucified. "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water" (St. John 19, 34).

In Prince zu Loewenstein's presentation, the spear is Longinus's "most cherished possession.... Something of priceless value was attached to it, and it was no ordinary staff. Few officers could boast such a one. In a split second, by pressing two buttons, it could be elongated to three times its length, like a toasting fork. This device had been invented by a Greek sword-cutler about fifteen years ago, but so far it had not been introduced as part of the general army issue." Some readers, the present one included, may feel that such details do not add to the poignancy of the simple text of the Gospel. The author obviously wants to emulate the efforts of medieval legend tellers. It is his own erudition that stands in his way.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In Technicolor

THE FOXES OF HARROW. By Frank Yerby. New York: Dial Press. 1946. 534 pp. $3.

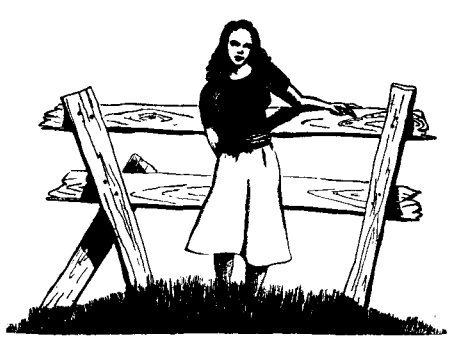
Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

FOR the devotee of the plushy, over-heated romance, this book should provide nothing less than an orgy. It has everything. There are by now so many time-tested characters and situations which have successively furnished the melo-romantic novel that it would seem necessary for the writer who plans one to choose this or that pattern of raging passion and leave the others, however regretfully.

But, you will find, Mr. Yerby has had no such problem. He got them all in, and with notable ease. Stephen Fox, the hero of his book—and the word was never so apt—can only be described as a reincarnation, in one body, of Lucifer, D'Artagnan, Frank Merriwell, and Superman. There is nothing he cannot do, no man he cannot best, no woman he cannot have; and from the moment he lands in New Orleans (time, 1825) with the usual shoestring, all of these things are demonstrated, to the steady accompaniment of the clash of arms, thunder, and lightning. Naturally he builds the greatest fortune in Louisiana, is loved by the two most beautiful women in the South, sisters, and marries both of them, successively.

There is, too, the other side of New Orleans, represented by a beautiful Creole, making a triangle of women about the restless Fox. There are sons and daughters who grow and repeat with variations the thematic violence of their begetter. Some mention of the problem of slavery, mounting to the Civil War, is made too, in ringing, telescopic March - of - Time phrases.

As a matter of fact the book rings throughout with colorful passions and the words to match. It is not a historical novel—for that must have some reality in it—but it is a good example of the technicolored fantasies that have been passing as such of late.



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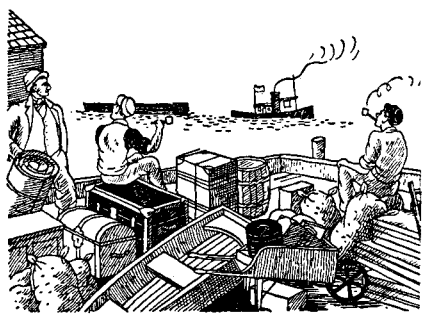

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London During the Regency

FRIDAY'S CHILD. By Georgette Heyer, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 311 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT

IT is a relief to find a gay, lighthearted historical novel for a change, that is amusing to read, instead of the usual solemn, heavy-handed approach. Miss Heyer has thought of a new angle for her book about post-Waterloo London for we see it through the eyes of a Regency Dulcy. Like the poor, Dulcys are always with us and can be found in any age, in any period. This variant of the scatter-brained heroine is Hero Wantage, appropriately nicknamed Kitten, an attractive seventeen-year-old romp who is always getting herself into scrapes. This allows Miss Heyer to give a fresh, lively, sometimes mocking picture of the fashionable life of the time.

Hero, or Kitten, is poor, well connected, and doomed to life as a governess (for which she is ill prepared) or to marry a curate. When dashing Viscount Sheringham, called Sherry, saves her from this gloomy fate she is deeply grateful. Sherry's motives in the affair are mixed. He had been refused by the reigning belle of the moment, Isabella Milborne. Partly out of pique, partly out of avarice since he can get his inheritance when he marries, and only slightly out of chivalry, he elopes with the penniless but loving Hero. He regards the marriage as one of convenience but he soons finds that it is anything but that. When he takes his wife to London he has more than he bargained for on his hands. Kitten is pretty, naive, dotes on her husband, loves parties, loves life, and gets into one scrape after another always from the best and kindest motives. Her husband ends by telling her she is the most troublesome brat alive and trying to banish her to the country. Hero departs, taking, characteristically, an ormulu clock and a canary with her. Sheringham's struggles with the role of protector which fate thrusts upon him furnish a good deal of comedy. The ending, needless to say, is happy. If there are any movie directors in our audience, this would make a good picture since it has both action and humor, and the costumes are notably becoming.

The idea is engaging and is well carried out. The description of London a year or two after Waterloo is excellent. Miss Heyer manages to spoof the fashionable life of the time by presenting its foibles seriously. She does a wonderful picture of the current "Blood, or Tulip of Fashion, or Nonpareil," the sporting Club Member, touchy about his honor and supposedly dashing and reckless, but

actually both stuffy and timid and conventional. All the details of dress and fashion are here but they are not dragged in unnecessarily. She tells us, for instance, exactly what a gentleman had to eat for dinner—"buttered crab, a dish of mutton fry with parsnips, a pheasant pie with several side dishes including some potted pie and a cold boiled knuckle of veal and a pig's face, washed down with some excellent chambertin"; but the only reason she mentions it is because the gentleman said he had a cold and that therefore he couldn't eat a thing.

Though light, this is good history and an amusing tale. The author has read Jane Austen to advantage, but so she should. She manages to keep the light tone and still paint a clear picture of the fashions and foibles of the time which is something of an achievement. The period itself is rewarding and there is just the right mocking slant here thanks to the artless Kitten.

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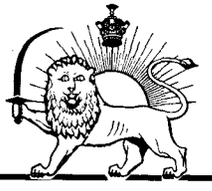

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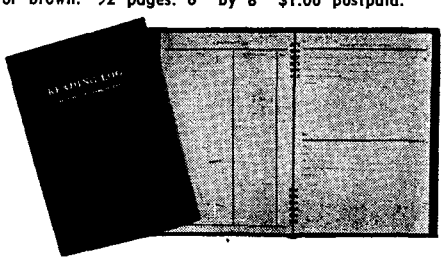

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COUPERIN, Introd. and Allegro ("La Sultane") arr. Milhaud. Minn. Symphony, Mitropoulos C 12161D (1) $1	Recording too heavy in spots.	A—	A—	Needless distortion of beautiful music. (See comment below.) Why not Couperin in the original?

TWO new recordings illustrate the pros and cons of an interesting question in esthetics—whether to transcribe or not to, whether to play earlier music in the unfamiliar original or dress it up, disguise it in modern trim. The success of a large number of Bach and Handel transcriptions is argument for one side at least. Many find meaning in Bach arranged for large modern orchestras though the original music, played as Bach intended it, remains unpalatable. A further complication is that the principle of transferring music from one medium of performance to another was well established and universally accepted in the eighteenth century and earlier; Bach himself transcribed many of his own works, from instrument to instrument and even from instruments to voices. Many later composers of excellent reputation have done the same to their own masterpieces. Transcribing technically is an entirely defensible procedure.

The only justifiable criticism of today's popular transcriptions of older music is on grounds of taste and style. It must be assumed that in any age a good transcription meets the requirements of the actual musical material at hand. No transcriber has the ethical right to "modernize" a piece of music, if that means recasting it in a style and expression alien to the original and to the specific needs of the music itself, because in good music style is functional. Bach, for example, used a single unchanging tone-color throughout an organ chorale prelude for sound structural reasons. The introduction of "variety" à la Stokowsky in the manner of nineteenth-century music does nothing more than destroy the musical sense of the work. To put it plainly, you can't follow the tune because it flies all over the orchestra—for the sake of "variety." And yet that same variety in a genuine nineteenth-century work is functional; it helps make the music clear, and therefore is entirely legitimate.

A good transcription preserves the fundamental sense and expression of the original, without exaggeration. Such a transcription is the Elizabethan suite for two pianos arranged by Ethel Bartlett from a group of familiar keyboard works of sixteenth-century England. Composed for the tiny, brilliant tones of the virginal (plucked strings), paradoxically this music sounds weak and thin on our big piano because of its relatively deadened tone. In the Bartlett two-piano arrangement the registration, often in the octaves and double octaves that were common on the harpsichord, gives a natural and tasteful approximation of the sense of the original music, with no attempt to modernize either the expression or harmony.

An example of the worst kind of orchestral transcription comes from the excellent musician Darius Milhaud. It is an introduction and allegro by Couperin ("La Sultane"), originally for quartet of instruments. The "magnificent sound" of which Columbia boasts is a gross distortion of this dignified music that does no credit to Milhaud's understanding of a great countryman. There is nothing whatever either in the sense or the style of the music that requires such overpowering noise for its projection.

Incidentally there is a relationship between this Milhaud transcription and his own original "Suite Provençale" of 1937 (V M 951(2)) which, though ostensibly based on folk music, is strongly influenced by certain rhythmic and harmonic devices of Couperin's time, the end of the seventeenth century.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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WHAT GERMANY IS READING

(*Continued from page 6*)

prompted by the feeling that if a tree could grow in Brooklyn, the charred lindens on Unter den Linden might sprout again. However, I think the condition of the binding was the chief allure in this case, too.

Such is a brief reflection of the symptoms of German book-hunger as I was able to observe it.

How is that hunger being satisfied? Not as generously as the demand for calories. Being a practical creature, the Military Government decided that it would either have to provide more calories or be content to govern a graveyard. And anyhow it couldn't get the work done that had to be done on thin soup and a potato, which was all the natives could have.

So the calories were boosted, but when it came to providing a feast of reason, that was a different thing. The efforts of the ICD have been a struggle from V-E Day on. Omgus did its best work at the first when the job was the hardest, when the war ended and suddenly the German nation had no government and another one had to be provided overnight. How the sergeants and the second lieutenants in the villages handled the stunned and frightened people who didn't know where to turn for food, water, and often shelter is one of those unwritten epics of American efficiency for which the belabored military gets little credit. In those days when snipers were still sniping and order had to be created out of a chaos of broken bridges, gutted highways, and tangled rails, a wonderful job was done. At the same time the well-planned campaign of the Psychological Warfare Unit went forward and before long newspapers, and shortly thereafter periodicals, began to appear and a radio network began to function. Then Omgus, with the worst of its preliminary efforts over, and the country in hand from a military standpoint, looked around and growled. The Germans, said General Lucius D. Clay, must learn to help themselves.

Rapidly the American-run newspapers were turned over to German licensees and others were licensed. Gradually the Germans were allowed to prepare for the printing of other publications. So far so good, but then the order went out: no propaganda; no more publications; no new voices of America other than the one newspaper, the three magazines already mentioned, Dana (the press association), and the established radio commentators.

As a result of this negative attitude it is almost impossible to get anything, even a pamphlet, printed, and I understand that is what has held up (at least up to the time this is written) the circulation of the Jackson speech—something any up-to-date public relations man would have seized upon as a sure-fire hit.

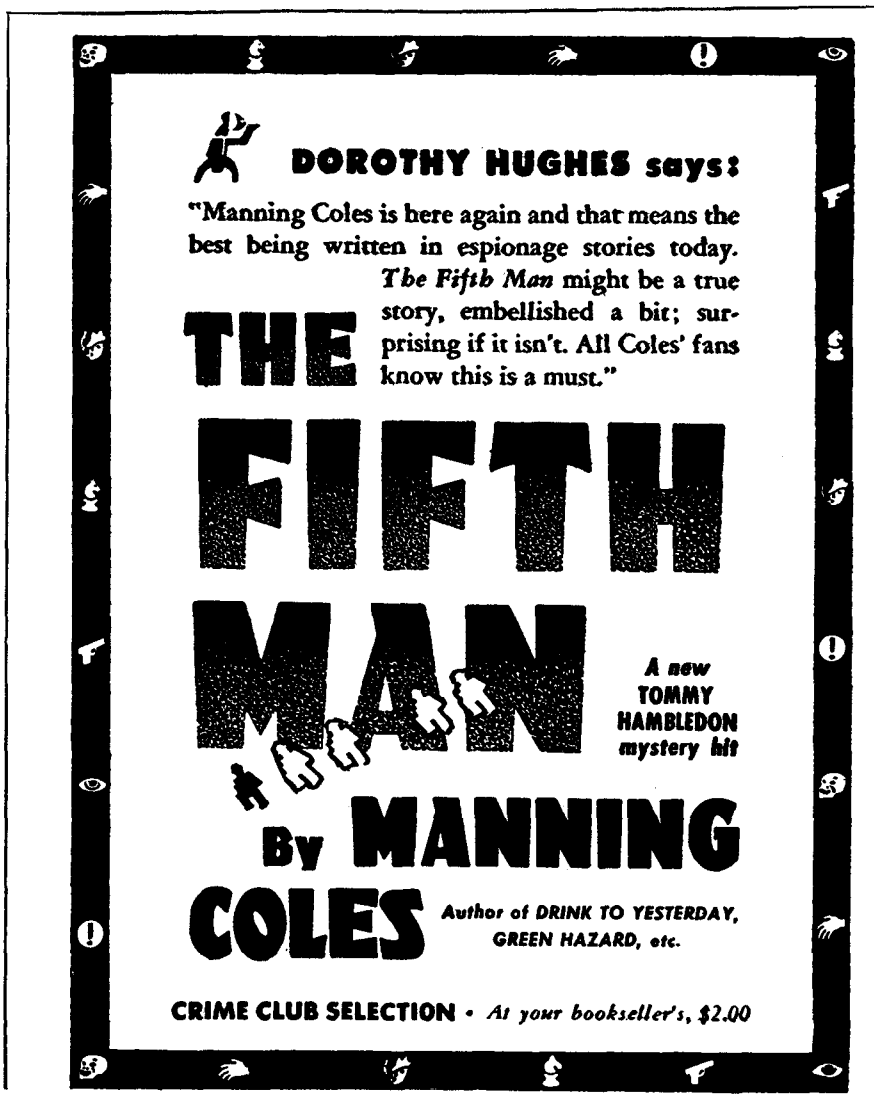
As to the periodicals which the Germans are printing themselves, that picture is changing rapidly. The dam has broken and we shall see a rash of new publications within a few weeks. Heretofore there have been strict limitations. The process of screening would-be molders of public opinion is a long one but now a number have passed the test. Even these will be carefully watched and made to prove both their popular appeal and their political purity before they are allowed too much precious pulp and extract of coriaria.

Sie, a woman's magazine, is a rather sad effort. There is another fashion magazine and a grim little youth magazine called *Horizont*, published by a seventeen-year-old youth who was a part of Germany's emaciated underground, which seems to be fairly successful. It is a harsh sheet with the harshness of a lost generation to which it may have its peculiar appeal. I understand another youth paper has been licensed in Berlin.

There are one book-trade publication and half a dozen religious magazines, mostly Catholic. Advance sheets of an alleged humorous magazine were examined by an official with whom I talked. He said the paper lacked one rather essential quality for a medium of its type—humor. How anyone could find anything in Germany for a German to laugh at is beyond me. *Wandlung*, a more ambitious publication, is struggling along.

Meanwhile the American magazines are a sell-out every issue and there remains a large unfilled demand. Copies are shared, read in groups, and passed around. It is vital that they should be, for they are America's only voice in the wilderness.

The MacLeish article in *Die Ame-*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MONEY BACK AFTER 2 ISSUES IF NOT DELIGHTED

rikanische Rundschau is an illustration. Note the rest of the contents of that first issue: Carl Becker: "Thomas Jeffersons Staatsphilosophie"; David E. Lilienthal: "Die Wiedergeburt des Tennessee-Tals"; Frank C. Hibben: "Der Folsom-Mensch;" Pal Kelemen: "Gold fuer die Spanische Koenige"; H. A. de Weerd: "Japans Verhaengniolle Fehlrechnung"; J. Donald Adams: "Das Buch von Morgen"; Stephen Vincent Benét: "Der Schatz des Vasco Gomez"; Joseph Wood Krutch: "Das Moderne Drama 1924-1944."

Later, also, there have been contributions by John Dewey and Dos Passos. I note "Der Yankee vom Olymp" (Catherine Drinker Bowen), but the tone of the little booklet is most nearly typified by Ralph Roper's "Thomas Paine." There is a definite purpose in this.

Since a part of the job of Omgus is to lead German thought into democratic channels it is highly essential that we first create respect for American cultural standards. Europe has always considered America the land of the Dollar ("Dollarika"), a kindly but crude place where one kept a six-shooter handy. The Nazis made the most of the ancient prejudices and painted us as a race of barbarians, half-redskin and half-gangster, with a cultural age of about twelve.

To deny these libels would have been useless. But to show the Germans our product, to display our intellectual brow in all its towering serenity, it was decided would be the better way. Therefore much time and study were expended on that first *Rundschau*—and it paid. I mentioned the sell-out, which was largely a cold matter of supply and demand.

But the flood of fan-mail which poured in and the comment it contained were significant. If you could have seen the sheaf of letters from all over Austria and Germany you could see that its long-planned contents fulfilled its purpose. Responses to the MacLeish article were typical. Here was an abstract philosophical discussion on faith in mankind. Immediately letters quite independently written came in from different parts of Germany with high praise, some many pages long, filled with comment and discussion. More than one reader confessed that he had been misled by Nazi propaganda, that he was relieved to feel that people in America were thinking about things on the "high plane" of the MacLeish article.

The two other American publications, *Heute* and *Neue Auslese*, shooting at a different target, have been equally successful. *Heute* is a picture-news magazine, presenting facts objectively but carefully edited to dispel Goebbels-inspired doubts. The editorial staff of this paper, which, like the others, is printed in Munich,

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH AGAINST VENUS *Dana Chambers* (Dial: $2.)	Drink-sodden doctor recalled by girl from gradual disintegration in Florida. Three murders result in his rehabilitation.	Beautiful gals and wicked gents go through succession of frenzied scenes. Plenty of drinking, violence and purple passages.	Frenetic
DEATH IN THE LIMELIGHT *A. E. Martin* (Simon and Schuster: $2.)	Knife slays stooge for mesmerist in Australian theatre. Others die before Aussie detective inspector nails killer.	Antipodean background interesting, also exotic lot of vaudeville actors. Chilled-steel plot develops with speed, ample action and complete mystification.	Excellent
SLAY THE MURDERER *Hugh Holman* (M. S. Mill: $2.)	O. P. A. investigator awakens and finds self smack in middle of Southern murder mystery—which Sheriff Macready unravels.	Dark family secrets and political squabbles play their parts in puzzling and well constructed yarn with bang-up surprise finish.	Good grade
THE INNOCENT MRS. DUFF *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding* (Simon and Schuster: $2.)	Bored husband plans to rid himself of lovely young wife. Two murders slightly disarrange his schemes and baffle Lieut. Levy.	Swiftly accelerating downward course of lost weekendish gent described in scenes packed with hair-trigger action and hard-to-bear suspense.	A beautiful job!

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functions chiefly from and in Germany. The *Rundschau*, also printed in Munich, is edited in this country.

Heute is tailored for popular appeal on the *Look-Life* pattern, but it is more modest and the percentage of text to pictures is higher. Its circulation is about 250,000. Unlike *Rundschau*, the first issue was a flop because it contained so much material about the war. On that the Germans were completely fed up—whether it was presented in the form of blood, sweat, tears, or printer's ink. However, the next issues corrected that error with the results mentioned. Number three (which is before me) shows on the cover the smiling features of a successful Viennese opera singer. It contains a typical article: "Winter — and Thereafter," which carefully places before the Germans the problem of rehabilitation, the difficulty of the task, and possible solutions.

The third magazine, *Neue Auslese*, is a flattering imitation of *The Reader's Digest*, presenting material chosen largely from the current American magazines but likewise including whatever else is deemed the right kind of food for the right kind of thought—articles, fiction, poetry. At random: "Germany and Western Ideas," from "The Free State"; an amusing short by Karel Capek from "I Had a Dog and a Cat"; a Frenchwoman's experience in a concentration camp from *Revue de Paris;* an eighteen-page abridgment of Priestley's "Three Men in New Suits"; Stettinius on Lend-Lease; Justice Jackson on war criminals. The circulation has now reached 280,000 in the American Zone. The mats are furnished to the French and British and their reprints bring the total printing up to 600,000, 30,000 copies of which are used for instruction of German prisoners in the British Isles.

A recent report by General Joseph T. McNarney, head of the United States Military Government, says criticism of the American occupation policies has increased. Lack of more open criticism and public unrest result, the General explains, " . . . at least in part from the ability of the authorities to maintain basic food rations at an adequate level."

There is no doubt that basic food-for-thought rations have been maintained at minimum levels—whether an "adequate" minimum remains to be seen. One thing is sure. Unless sufficient democratic mental calories are provided, an ersatz will be produced in underground, undenazified stills and bootlegged at bargain prices to the populace.

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First Reflections on Peace

By Frank G. Mundorf, Warrant Officer, U.S.A.

I LOOK around me and all at once
I cannot see sudden death out of the corner
of my eye. I am returning not from the grave
but from a vision of the grave. I am not
lying in a still field, but I have smelled the earth
of still fields during terrible moments,
and my thoughts have lain briefly with dead comrades,
and always my thoughts will return to them, briefly,
perhaps when I am happiest, perhaps
twenty years from now when my son is a man,
perhaps tomorrow when I am in my wife's arms again.
Some day I will not remember my fear,
for fear burns itself out in a man's mind.
I will remember life violent within me,
spinning in the whirling of external violence,
like a candle that flares suddenly in a thrust of wind
before going out.
Now I can look forward to dying in bed
(fifty years from now, of course),
and my mind has room to move around in,
as though Time has become a palace of Sybaris,
instead of a cell where you rap your head
if you stand full to a man's length.
I do not think now of a better world
(although when the time comes I will make speeches
and mistakes, damn the enemies of peace with the curses
of my dead comrades).
Just now I am not ready for such thoughts.
I am a man who has suddenly found elbow-room
for his soul, death is a dying echo,
and I am lifting my arms, stretching them upward,
I am on a mountain-top reaching out in my new beautiful space.
I am hanging my helmet on a high star.

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the Phoenix Nest

THIS is a tribute to the Negro poet Countee Cullen, who died recently. He was not yet forty-three at the time of his death. He was born in New York City, and his father was the Rev. Asbury Cullen, who founded the Salem Methodist Episcopal Church. Young Cullen attended the DeWitt Clinton School, and when he was fourteen wrote a free-verse poem, "To a Swimmer," that was reprinted in 1918 in the *Modern School Magazine*. The *Bookman* first published Cullen's well-known "To a Brown Boy," and he contributed to the *Crisis*, the official magazine of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He took his master's degree in English literature from Harvard. He wrote a novel, "One Way to Heaven," about Harlem life. He translated the "Medea" of Euripides into powerful prose, though the choruses were in verse, and set to music by Virgil Thomson for the stage version. Cullen was assistant editor of *Opportunity* for two years, and also held a Guggenheim fellowship.

He was a true poet and wrote brave and beautiful things. One poem of his that moves me particularly is called "After a Visit," its subtitle (*At Padraic Colum's where there were Irish poets*). I have space only to quote the last part, after the poet says that he has "walked two seasons through," "and all the while no line was wrung in praise or blame of aught from my frost-bitten tongue."

Then I walked in a room where Irish poets were;
I saw the muse enthroned, heard how they worshiped her,
Felt men nor gods could ever so envenom them
That Poetry could pass and they not grasp her hem,
Not cry on her for healing; shaken off, still praise,
Not questioning her enigmatical delays.
And shame of my apostasy was like a coal
That reached my tongue and heart and far off frigid soul,
Melting myself into myself, making me weep
Regeneration's burning tears, preluding sleep.

It is a loss to all of us that such a fine young poet is gone.

* * *

Having not, at a late hour, received any Christmas present from a certain party, my immediate connection did receive an explanation, known as Explanation Number 567. It has seemed to me one of ingenious erudition, and I present it herewith:

We decided that Christmas was too overused in our modern civilization, and so we determined to send gifts on St. Pillywillin's Day, which falls on or about the 14th, 19th, or 26th of January * or February. St. Pillywillin, as every school child knows, was celebrated in Rumania ‡ for his martyrdom at the time of the Witches' Sabbath (or Walpurgis Clam Bake, which was sponsored by the Warlocks' Auxiliary No. 8). At this time a church was torn down, during the wholesale slaughter of everyone whose name began with the letter Q.† This church (later, known as the Church of Pillywillin Parish) was remodeled to include the now famous Walpurgis Purges Porches. (Deleted from Baedeker for reasons of personal malice.) Familiar to all of us is the fact that St. Pillywillin was walled up in a section of this porch at his own request. St. Pillywillin‡, the great authority, Ibid, has told us, was heard to say, "Forre Creeppes sakke, walle mee uppe!" A statement, which, as we have no reason to doubt, truthfully echoes the tempper of the ttimmes in whilk hee livvedd.

The term "Pilly, want a cracker?"★, which Ibid tells us was current at that time, seems to have been coined by idle school children who spent their time bringing the good saint food, and often referred to him as the "old bird," or, as they would have quaintly phrased it, "We gave the saint the bird!"□

For these and various other reasons, we feel that St. Pillywillin has been too long neglected, and therefore we tender you presents on (or about) St. Pillywillin's Day, in the hopes that, in waiting so interminably for them, you will be able to commiserate with the Saint himself, who waited for most of his life walled up in a porch and never got any presents at all.

Any questions?

* The date has never been exact, since proof that St. Pillywillin was ever born is still in doubt.
‡ Or as it was then called, England.
† At that time Pillywillin was spelled Qpillywillin. (obs.)
‡ Or Pollywillin, as he was sometimes laughingly called.
★ Later corrupted to the modern. Polly want a cracker, without the sanction of the church.
□ "Give yo good-day!" to be answered politely by "Give ye the bird" was common parlance at that time.

The above is from the fine Italian hand of Mrs. Richard S. Dawson of San Mateo, California. I like it. It also must be admitted that I love the author. But this, I hasten to add, is fairly natural. She is my daughter.

* * *

Albert Ralph Korn, of 785 Park Avenue, New York City, writes me of a quatrain contest which he is sponsoring. He has sent the following letter to some thirty-seven poetry journals which have approved of and are participating in the competition:

It is my intention to offer three prizes for the best quatrains to appear in various poetry magazines. The first prize, $50; the second $25; the third $15. You, as editor, or any other judge or judges you may select, would choose the three best quatrains to appear in your magazine over a specified period. These would be sent on to me to be turned over to a final board of decision. Out of all the entries from the poetry journals participating, the final judges would select the winning quatrains. The judges' names would be an-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 140

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 140 will be found in the next issue.

MGCNC DL AGRNRAMCN DH

L X C A M R A O C L — M G C

XNCMCHMDIWL MINMIDLC—

LGCOO, MGC JCCE XDHAC-

HCB IY MGC LAGIIO MCRAGCN;

MGC MSDLMCT LDOUCN-

YNRJCT KORLLCL IY MGC IOT

UDOORKCN. — P R P P D M M —

LDHAORDN OCSDL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 139

As the wine went down in the bottles, patriotism arose in three men.
—JOHN STEINBECK
—Tortilla Flat.

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nounced at the time of the awards. The contest would be announced in your magazine on the nearest date practical for you, and would end on September 1, 1946. Prizes would be distributed on October 1, 1946. It has long been my belief that the quatrain, as an art form, is deserving of more recognition than it has received, and it is my purpose to stimulate interest in this medium by offering the above prizes.

* * *

The following poem comes to me from Crenshaw, Mississippi:

TOURNEY

Yesterday is a broken lance among
  My trophies and a favor stained with gore—
The outcome of a reckless gauntlet flung
  Upon the rushes of my castle floor.

Today's the thunder of onrushing steeds,
  The grim impact of spear on gleaming helm
(The flaming food on which an athlete feeds—
  The searing urge to meet and overwhelm).

And though my victory may be acclaimed
  By bravos of the bugles' single breath,
I know my next opponent has been named:
  I tilt tomorrow with a knight called Death.

JOHN NIXON JR.

* * *

From Albert Head, Victoria, British Columbia, Miss Rosamond Billett writes me:

If S. R. Crockett is "chuckling in his Galloway heaven over the 'plugs' you have been giving him," he may be also sighing gently because two of his most charming and delightful books have seemingly been forgotten.

Did you ever read or hear of "Sir Toady Lion" or "Sir Toady Crusoe"?—these were tremendous favorites of mine as a child—Sir Toady Lion was "Coeur de Lion."

My copies of these books were culled out and given away, I fancy, when I went to boarding school—and I have never seen either book since. They belonged rather to the period of E. Nesbit who wrote "The Would-be-Goods" and "The Treasure Seekers," which I have purchased many times for young friends.

It would be interesting to know if anyone else remembers these—I should like very much to obtain copies of them, if they are still available.

About Sir Toady—he wasn't, of course, Coeur de Lion, but a name taken by a delightful small boy—perhaps you know all about him.

Yes; and there was also "Sweetheart Travellers," one of my favorite books of old, about a bicycle trip taken by father and little daughter. Sir Toady figured in that, too, as I recall.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

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(Continued on next page)

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(Continued from page 45)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IN copying the puzzles for Series 20 for the typist—incidentally, I think now that #20 will exchange places with #19, completed last September, and reach you next fall(?)—I came across two rude awakenings which necessitated time-consuming revisions. I had misspelled in the Acrostic the first name of the English poet Gibson—an e for the second i in the name Wilfrid; and I could find nowhere a word I used in a Tarkington DC—*Nunnatak*. If anyone can tell me where I found it, I wish he or she would let me know. Rather than spend time in hunting, I made seven changes in the DC. I think I have told you that I do the DC's for my books in stages: research, breaking the quotation up into words; distributing the numbers; making the diagrams; writing in the definitions; specific checkings-up before typing; working the quotation back into the diagram before handing all finally to the one who does them for the book-plates. As that unfound word was no doubt discovered somewhere last summer and no special note made of it, as is my practice with a new find, the lapse of time did not help matters.

The presence of Charles Bolté, author of "The New Veteran," on Information Please, the day after a quotation from the book appeared in *The N. Y. Times* January DC, seems to have helped by its timeliness several struggling puzzlers. Let me say that the quotation was selected the very week the book came out, some time before its author became better known by radio to the public as a whole. As *The Publishers' Weekly* is a good guide to forthcoming books, it is my convenience to get any such I may select for DC's as soon as possible, even to reading the galley proof in the publisher's sanctum. Among the puzzles already on hand for coming *SRL* issues are several in this category.

In fact, one of these DC's now in the making was started under my guidance here one afternoon recently by Mrs. Franklin Berwin and her sister and niece, Mrs. David A. Ellis and Miss Mildred Ellis, all of New York City. They were most up-and-coming, as I hope soon to show you, for I'll try to remember to couple my column with the appearance of their DC. Another breezy caller was Mrs. Schloss, well-known in San Francisco where, she tells me, the whole family are DC addicts and compilers for one another, including her son Richard, whom you may recall as the author of that clever poem on the printer's mix-up last fall, the lack of consonance between definitions and diagram. No doubt others than those who wrote were annoyed by very recent errors, due really to adjustment to changed RCA policies.

BUY U. S. BONDS
THEN HOLD THEM

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 12 of this issue.

DOUBLE-CROSTIC: NO. 622

	DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A.	Its capital is Petropavlovsk.	168 34 153 110 121 89 164 182 41
B.	Modern Greek folk dance, believed a variant of ancient pyrrhic dance.	15 111 175 56 39 145 154
C.	Pertaining to Celtic people in Wales (from Latin name).	76 115 66 137 8 49 172 46 169 57
D.	Swiss-born U. S. composer 1(880-).	33 163 135 144 160
E.	Mother of Minos, Sarpedon, and Rhadamanthus (Gr. Myth.)	156 129 45 73 82 114
F.	Commander of French force that helped Washington in the Revolution.	133 2 178 147 53 112 22 43 61 28
G.	Seaport city on fiord in Norway, 80 miles from Atlantic Ocean.	69 99 173 126 136 139 91 54 4
H.	Ancient Persian mode of executing criminals, honeyed, exposed to insects and the sun.	5 181 122 113 70 62 85 174
I.	Romance by Thomas Hardy (1882).	50 14 166 87 177 162 101 95 118 127 152
J.	Interval of rest; temporary recess from labor, etc.	92 132 36 1 80 44 38
K.	Opposed to "broadside" (2 wds.)	11 68 141 148 103
L.	Guilty; criminal (now rare).	55 67 146 12 63 25
M.	A morbidly sensational story or periodical.	142 96 19 7 48 77 24 31
N.	Of or relating to twenty.	119 134 107 102 158 64 170
O.	Appellation of a short-lived "American Party" (1843).	88 140 17 29 42 98
P.	A Philistine (from a character in "Hard Times").	52 184 83 155 60 74 125 13 117
Q.	Attendant on Cleopatra ("Antony and Cleopatra").	16 167 32 84
R.	Seized or caught suddenly. (Colloq.)	131 180 26 10 151 79
S.	Uproar (Colloq; comp.)	97 27 72 179 143 149
T.	Tartar of the teeth (Dent.)	23 171 104 65 18 176 30 86 159 40
U.	Pseudonym of publisher of the Bible made probably by Rogers and Tyndale (1537).	123 78 105 120 6 109 157 185
V.	A simpleton; yokel.	124 108 58 71 138 100 106 9
W.	Preconceives or prefigures, as a Platonic idea.	35 75 183 51 90 93 161
X.	Was in a careless, unguarded state.	130 59 94 165 47 150
Y.	Covers or surrounds with something solid.	3 20 128 21 37 116 81

							1 J	2 F	3 Y	4 G	5 H		6 U	7 M	8 C	9 V			
10 R	11 K	12 L	13 P		14 I	15 B	16 Q	17 O	18 T	19 M	20 Y		21 Y	22 F	23 T	24 M			
25 L		26 R	27 S	28 F	29 O	30 T	31 M	32 Q	33 D	34 A	35 W	36 J	37 Y	38 J		39 B			
	40 T	41 A	42 O	43 F		44 J	45 E	46 C	47 X	48 M		49 C	50 I		51 W	52 P			
53 F	54 G	55 L		56 B	57 C	58 V		59 X	60 P	61 F	62 H	63 L		64 N	65 T	66 C			
	67 L	68 K		69 G	70 H	71 V		72 S	73 E	74 P	75 W		76 C	77 M		78 U			
	79 R	80 J	81 Y	82 E	83 P	84 Q	85 H	86 T	87 I	88 O	89 A	90 W	91 G		92 J	93 W			
94 X	95 I	96 M	97 S	98 O	99 G		100 V	101 I	102 N		103 K	104 T	105 U		106 V	107 N			
	108 V	109 U		110 A	111 B	112 F	113 H	114 E	115 C	116 Y	117 P		118 I	119 N	120 U	121 A			
	122 H		123 U	124 V	125 P	126 G	127 I		128 Y	129 E	130 X	131 R	132 J	133 F		134 N			
135 D	136 G		137 C	138 V		139 G	140 O	141 K	142 M	143 S	144 D	145 B		146 L	147 F	148 K			
149 S	150 X	151 R	152 I		153 A	154 B	155 P	156 E		157 U	158 N	159 T	160 D		161 W	162 I			
163 D	164 A		165 X	166 I	167 Q	168 A		169 C	170 N	171 T		172 C	173 G	174 H	175 B	176 T			
177 I		178 F	179 S	180 R	181 H	182 A	183 W	184 P	185 U										

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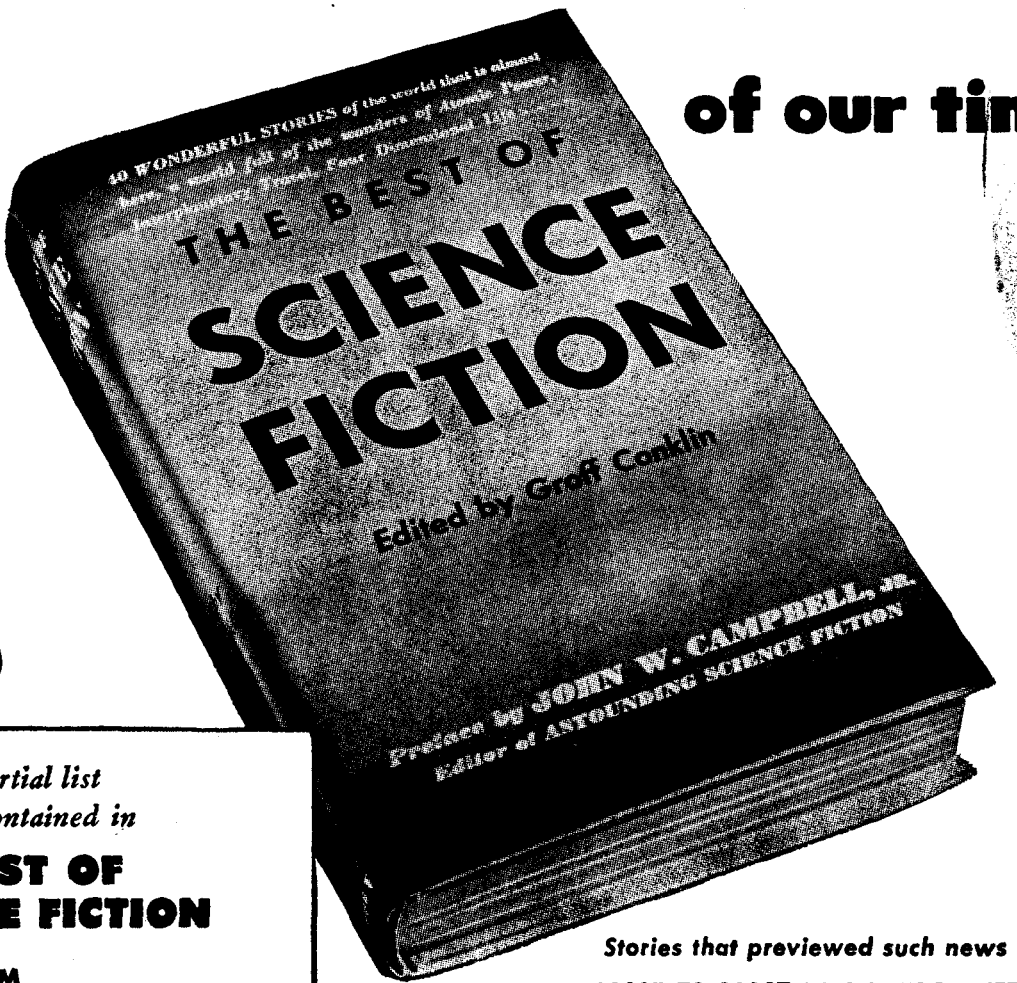
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